McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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THE $7,000.00 HAS ALL BEEN SUBSCRIBED.

McKean County Fair Association Now On Sound Financial Footing.

BIG FAIR AND RACES SEPT. 24---27.

New Attractions Are Being Booked—Season Tickets Now on Sale—Buy One or More—Work and Improvements Now Under Way—Remember the Dates, Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.

On Tuesday the raising of the $7,000 fund to meet the outstanding debts of the McKean County Fair association, and to place a surplus of $1500 to $2000 in the treasury, was finished.

Now it is up to every reader to boost the McKean County Fair. The dates are September 24, 25, 26 and 27. The Fair office has been opened in the Grange Bank building, and when you are in Smethport, call and buy a season ticket. If every friend of the Fair would buy a season ticket (price $1.00) it would insure against rainy weather.

One of the free attractions already secured, is the new Hippodrome of New York city. This attraction consists of Roman Standing Races, Chariot Races, Flat Races, Riderless Horse races, Horses vs. Hound races, Hurdle races, etc. This consists of six people, and not less than twelve horses. There will be six acts per day, each consisting of one-half mile races.

The association has commenced distributing catalogues and posting their bills. George Richards, of Marvindale, has charge of this work. The catalogue, is one of the finest and most complete issued by the association. If you do not receive one within the next ten days, write the secretary for a copy.

One of the new methods adopted by the Fair association is the paying of all premiums on the last day of the fair. This method has been adopted by all the leading fairs throughout the country. Entries open September 2 and close September 21. Every person is urged to make their entries early.

The following changes have been made among the officers: A L. Gallup is superintendent of the cattle department in place of A. B. Armstrong; Tom M. McClellan of Mt. Jewett is superintendent of just the fruit; and F. A. Burdick has been given the farm produce; Mrs. George King takes the place of George Bayer as superintendent of the culinary department; J. A. Holder is the superintendent of farm machinery in place of A. T. Palmer; James McGowan has been made superintendent of speed in the place of John Hilton. The subordinate masters of the Granges have been made vice-presidents of the Fair association, and through the Granges they will work up greater interest in entries. F. L. Holmes and George Richards have been added to the board of directors.

The Fair association has secured the services of Prof. H. B. Davis of State College, to judge the cattle department. Prof. Davis is an expert in Dairy Husbandry, he is a graduate of the Iowa Agricultural college.

One of the changes made by the board of directors this year which will give great satisfaction, is the pass-out ticket, which allows persons to leave and return on grounds as often as they please.

Over a hundred loads of cinders will be hauled on the grounds previous to the fair, so that even if it is the association's luck to have a rainy week, there will not be the mud to contend with as heretofore.

Owing to the fact that several New York fairs are held the week previous to the McKean County Fair, the outlook for horses and mid-way attractions could not be better.

Don't forget the dates, Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27, the great home coming week for McKean county.

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

tf DR. JOHN CLARK, Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT, 4; ROULETTE, 0.

Interesting Game at the Fair Grounds Last Sunday.

The new Smethport baseball team played its first home game last Sunday when it defeated the Roulette team by a score of 4 to 0, in a very interesting game. There were about 300 people in attendance and all were more than pleased with the work done by the new team. The grounds were very rough, but notwithstanding this fact it was almost an errorless game and there was lots of snap shown when the opportunity offered.

O'Neil occupied the slab for the home team and held the visitors down to seven hits which were so well scattered that there was no chance of the visitors scoring. Besides this he had 16 strikeouts to his credit and only one base on balls. Webber, who did the twirling for the visitors, also was in good form and only six hits were made off his delivery, but he passed five and hit one man. He had eight strikeouts to his credit.

Glavin started the run getting in the fifth inning by drawing a pass, going to second and third on passed balls and scoring on a bad throw from home to third. In the sixth Larson and Rodgers drew passes, were advanced on Dolan's grounder to second and scored on McGowan's single. Kellar opened the seventh by drawing a pass, stole second and scored on Hanlon's hit.

The tabulated score follows:

Roulette	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Willis, 2b	4	0	0	1	2	0
Ford, c	4	0	0	9	1	1
Cashaat, 3b	3	0	2	0	2	0
Hubbard, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Elmer, lf	4	0	3	1	0	0
Razey, ss	4	0	0	0	1	0
Schoonover, rf	3	0	1	4	0	0
Hyfen, 1b	3	0	0	8	0	0
Webber, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
	32	0	7	24	9	1

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Kellar, lf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Hanlon, ss	4	0	2	1	0	0
Larson, 3b	3	1	1	1	3	0
Rodgers, 2b	2	1	0	1	2	0
Berkle, c	4	0	0	17	0	0
Dolan, 1b	4	0	0	7	1	0
McGowan, rf	4	0	1	0	2	0
Glavin, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0
O'Neil, p	4	0	0	0	1	0
	32	4	6	27	9	0

Score by innings:

Roulette ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Smethport ..... 0 0 0 0 1 2 1 0 x—4

Two base hits—Kellar, Hubbard.

Stolen bases—Kellar, Hanlon, Larson, 2; Schoonover.

Struck out,—by O'Neil, 16; by Webber, 8.

Base on balls—off O'Neil, 1; off Webber, 5.

Hit by Pitcher—Glavin.

Umpire—McCabe.

BOLD DASH FOR LIBERTY.

Mart Hagen Plunged Into the Tuna and Escaped Arrest.

This morning's Era says: Mart Hagen, alleged to have been caught in the act of robbing the till at the Mullin pool room on Main street and for whose arrest a warrant was issued and given to Constable Gibbons to serve, gave the constable a merry chase yesterday, and late last night he was still at liberty

Hagen was located at one of the hotels by Constable Gibbons and was told that he was under arrest. While the constable was reaching for the warrant, Hagen made a dash for liberty. He ran to the plant of the Bradford Fireproofing company and then through the B., R. & P. yards to the shops. He was closely followed by the constable. Hagen proved to be able to keep considerable space between himself and Gibbons and for a time held his own. Once when the officer got within a short distance of the man he dashed into the swollen Tuna creek, and waded across to the opposite side. The constable did not favor the idea of following through the water, and abandoned the chase for the time being.

BIG BARGAIN SALE

Of Ladies' Coats, Suits, Skirts and Dresses, at Holder's Hall, next week, at greatly reduced prices. All ladies cordially invited to call.

Yours to please,
JOS. A. HOLDER.

FOR SALE.

German Roller and Golden Linnet Canary birds.

MRS. L. A. MacTYRE.
Coryville, Pa.

DEATH OF DR. CHAS. RICHARDS.

Former Well-Known Smethport Young Man Dies at Sturgis, S. D.

Dr. Charles Richards, a former Smethport young man, died at his home in Sturgis, South Dakota, on Sunday, Aug. 18, 1912. His death was due to the bursting of the coronary artery, caused by overwork. He was in his 41st year, having been born on Marvin creek, near Hazelhurst, on March 29, 1872.

In speaking of his death the Sturgis Weekly Record says:

In 1904 he came to Terry, So. Dak., and after two years moved to Thermopolis, and in 1908 came to Sturgis where ever since he has enjoyed an increasing professional practice, and as a family physician won a very warm place in the hearts and homes of his large hosts of true and loyal friends.

On March 3, 1897, he married Bertha Hunt, at Buffalo, and from this union there were six children born, all of whom died in early infancy, save a boy, Claire, who lived to be six years old, and a daughter Bertha Evangeline, now living with her mother at Buffalo, N. Y.

The deceased is survived by a wife and daughter at Buffalo, N. Y.; one brother, George, at Smethport, Pa.; three sisters, Mrs. Sarah Randall of Hazelhurst, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Moran, and Mrs. Alice Rhinehart of Bartlesville, Okla. The three sisters arrived for the funeral services which were conducted from the Presbyterian church on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. C. D. Erskine officiating. The church edifice was too small to accomodate the great number of friends who had gathered to pay their last respects and love for so dear a friend.

The casket was covered with most beautiful and profuse flowers, the emblem of sympathy and friendship. The choir of the church sang feelingly "Lead Kindly Light," "Sometime We'll Understand" and "Heaven Is My Home." Rev. Rapp of the Baptist church offered the prayer. A tribute of affection and admiration, written by Rev. H. L. Case, who was unable to be present, owing to the attendance at general conference, was read at the service. The services were marked by deepest solemnity and the entire audience was profoundly moved to tears and grief as they realized their beloved friend and physician had crossed to the other shore. By all it was admitted to be one of the saddest funerals ever held in this city, and rarely has there ever been a congregation so representative of the influential business men and of the fraternal orders and in fact, all classes of people.

Dr. Richards loved little children with a passion, and there are many whom he has saved from death by his skill, patience and perseverance, without any thought of remuneration. His big hearted generosity knew no bounds, and was the friend of the poor and the needy, going all hours of the night, through storms on long drives, forgetting his own health and comfort to minister to others. He was admitted to be one of the ablest and most skilful physicians in the Black Hills.

The pallbearers were Messrs. H. O. Anderson, Theo. Haas, Wesley A. Stuart, D. J. Newell, D. F. Catterton and U. S. Allison. Interment was in Bear Butte cemetery.

THE SMETHPORT SCHOOLS.

They Will be Opened Next Monday, Sept. 2, for Coming Term.

The Smethport schools will open next Monday morning and the prospects for a successful year are unusually bright. From present indications the number of pupils will be larger than in the past few years.

Including Principal Stanley Bright, there are fourteen teachers enrolled, as follows: High School, Miss Carrie Day, Miss Emma Tretton, Miss Frances Holsopple of Juniatta College; music and drawing, Miss Georgia Preston; grades, Miss Rose Allen, Miss Gertrude McCarthy, Miss L. Liigetidahl, Miss Vinnie Campbell, Miss Olive Richards, Miss Hazel McAllister, Miss Amanda Anderson, Miss Bessie Ottoson, Miss Rachel Mayo.

During the summer vacation the school building has undergone extensive repairs and now everything is in fine shape for a successful school year. The Smethport schools have, for many years past, been among the best in this section, and this year will be no exception.

Advertise in The Miner.

TUBERCULOSIS AMONG CATTLE.

Immunity May Be Produced by Breeding Those Affected.

M. F. Melvin, a well-known young man of Bradford, and a brother of County Treasurer C. C. Melvin, 2nd, published the following in The Holstein-Friesian Register of August 15, which sounds like good, common sense and should be read by every breeder of cattle. He says:

Having suffered from tuberculosis and being at present connected with the management of a tuberculosis sanatorium, I am perhaps more than ordinarialy interested in the subject of bovine tuberculosis.

There is a well-established theory of immunity in humans which comes about through the fighting of a disease. It is probable that if this immunity did not exist the human race would have been wiped off the face of the earth many centuries ago; but through suffering from a disease and fighting it, the offspring inherits a tendency to resist that particular disease and it is believed that the children of tuberculosis people are less susceptible to tuberculosis than those whose parents have no such history.

Probably the most striking illustration of this theory of immunity is shown in the condition of the American Indian and the colored race. The Indians are being exterminated through the ravages of tuberculosis, still tuberculosis was not known among them until after the advent of of the white man, and the reason that they fall such easy prey to the disease is because, never having suffered it, they have no immunity. The same is true also of the colored race, particularly Africans whose families have not been for many generations from their native land.

Now, if there is an immunity built up in humans through the offspring of tuberculosis parents, does it not seem that in the extermination of valuable cattle that have been proven tuberculous, the governments of the states are defeating their purpose, that of elliminating tuberculosis from cattle?

It seems that the only way to rid the country of this dread disease in cattle, along the lines of present operations, would be to destroy by fire every barn in the whole United States then by filling the new barns with young cattle that have not been exposed to the disease it might be possible to prevent new infection. This, however, is impossible, such drastic measures can not be taken; therefore is it not better to build up immunity by breeding these tuberculous cattle and creating within their offspring a lesser susceptibility, in time building up a herd of cattle that will resist infection of this sort?

We not only would have the benefit of raising cattle from these tuberculous subjects, saving an immense amount of money through this source, but we would also be reaching the goal of extermination more rapidly than by killing valuable cattle year after year from the same barn.—M. F. Melvin, Bradford Pa.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

By the Protected Home Circle on the Death of Eugene Hussey.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our esteemed friend and brother, Eugene Hussey, and while we deeply regret and mourn the loss sustained in the death of our late brother, we bow with humble submission to His divine will. Therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the membres of Smethport Circle, No. 25, P. H. C., do hereby extend and convey to the bereaved wife of our late brother, our deep and heartfelt sympathy, and be it

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the wife of our late brother and a copy be sent to The Miner and Democrat for publication, and be it further

Resolved, that they be spread upon the minutes of Circle No. 25, P. H. C.

LETTIE T. COLEGROVE,
MAGGIE FREE,
MYRTIE WHITE,
Committee.

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One 1-cylinder Cadillac in good running condition, price $65.00.

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THE NEW PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

What It Is and Why It Is—By Frank A. Munsey.

In the August number of Munsey's Magazine appeared an article by Frank A. Munsey entitled "The New Progressive Party—What It Is and Why It Is." This article was written on June 29th and as it is one of the best articles ever published on the political situation we have obtained permission to re-publish it. It is copyrighted and all rights are reserved by Munsey's Magazine.

The article is as follows:

The new Progressive party that sprang into being in Chicago a week ago is in spirit a dozen years old. The insurgents who broke away from the Old Guard in Congress during the early part of Taft's Administration were at heart insurgents years before, quite as much so as when the rupture came and insurgency broke the back of Republican dominancy.

The split would have come six or eight years earlier than it did if Taft had been in the White House. But Roosevelt was wise enough and strong enough to hold the party together as a unit.

Roosevelt was then, as he is now, a progressive. He spoke the language that the progressives understood and that the people of the country of progressive ideas understood. The line of demarcation in Congress between the progressives and the reactionaries was clearly drawn. The ideas and ideals of the two were as far apart then as now.

Taft's nomination for the Presidency, four years ago, was vigorously opposed by the reactionaries. Taft had gone along in step for years with President Roosevelt as a progressive. In all his utterances, his bearing, his seeming convictions, he shared the progressive views of Mr. Roosevelt, and was put forward as a progressive candidate who, Mr. Roosevelt believed, was to carry on the progressive policies that had been inaugurated, and would do so conscientiously.

So Taft came into office as a progressive, and the fairest thing to Taft is the conclusion that he was at heart as he was supposed to be, a genuine progressive. This view of him obtained throughout the campaign, and his own utterances, both before and during the campaign, confirm the belief that he was sincerely what he seemed to be.

The Break in the Republican Party.

But Cannon, Payne, Aldrich, Hale, Gallinger and Crane, with their powerful contacts, presented a stronger front than that of the progressives, with the result that Taft was landed on the stand-pat side almost immediately after his inauguration. And so the break came, and the progressives refused to obey the party lash further. Thus it was that they became known as insurgents, and thus it was that they ranged themselves in rigid opposition to the reactionaries.

Taft undertook to compel the allegiance of the progressives by withholding patronage from them, and by otherwise using his power to discipline them and bring them under party control. But they would have none of it, and openly defied the President. They had no further confidence in him and no good feeling for him.

The vote in 1910—the firt Congressional election after Taft went into the White House—showed that the Republican party had gone to pieces in the first two years of the Taft Administration. It suffered a frightful defeat all along the line from one end of the country to the other. Strenuous efforts were made between 1910 and the opening of the recent campaign for delegates to the National Convention to reinstate the party and to reinstate the President with the people.

But the Administration was "in bad" with the plain people. Mr. Taft was "in bad" with the plain people. They never forgave him for going over to the stand-pat wing of the party, having received his nomination and election as a progressive.

They never forgave him for the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, and they had many counts against him. The people themselves are progressives by more than eighty per cent., and they believe in a square deal, believe in a man standing true to the contract he made with them in the campaign that elected him.

So when the recent campaign for the nomination for President came on, Taft had no following with the progressives. This time it was the conservatives, who had fought his nomination four years before, who now stood for him.

La Follette essayed to make a fight for the nomniation as a progressive, but he made little headway against the combined forces of the Administration and the interests. It was obvious that Taft would get the nomination unless some one was brought in who commanded the confidence of the people. It was equally clear that, if nominated, he would be overwhelmingly beaten at the polls in November.

Why Mr. Roosevelt Entered the Campaign

Then it was that the patriotic Republicans of the country combined to urge Mr. Roosevelt to enter the campaign. It was months after this effort started before Mr. Roosevelt finally yielded to the demand and threw his hat into the ring.

So the new Progressive party is not the caprice of an embittered moment, and is not a thing of personal ambition. The tremendous power of the Administration, backed by political bosses and the machine, and backed by the money interests, and the press of the country, made Mr. Roosevelt's campaign for delegates well-nigh impossible. But because of his achievements, and because of the confidence the American people have in him, he accomplished the impossible, winning the votes that legitimately and honestly placed him in nomination.

Then it was that the political bosses in control of the situation, in control of the machine, framed up a plan to overthrow the will of the people. The convention itself was a farce, carrying out to the letter the high-handed program that had been agreed upon. This served merely to complete, there and then, the definite separation of the two wings of the Republican party and compel the founding of a new party.

Nothing could longer postpone the inevitable. The difference in ideas and ideals within the Republican party was so great that harmony between the two factions was impossible.

The old party is a boss-ridden, boss-ruled party. It is opposed to the preferential primary and seeks to deny to the right of self-government.

The new party is founded on the idea of the square deal, of social justice, and of majority rule, a rule that is made possible by the preferential primary, for which it stands unswervingly.

The Old Republican Party a Sectional Party.

The new Progressive party will be a nation-wide party, not a sectional party. The Republican party was started as an antislavery party, and as such was a sectional party—and as such has ever remained. Its part in the war between the North and the South, and its part in the reconstruction period after the war created in the minds of the Southern white men so deep a prejudice that it has gained no respectable footing in the South in half a century. And if it were to live it would doubtless make no more progress in another half-century.

The straggling representation it has in most of the Southern states makes a sorry spectacle, consisting for the most part of patronage-chasing office-holders, some white, some black, together with a small and uncertain following of negroes who get by with the vote.

The new Progressive party will start with a clean slate, without prejudice for or against it in any section of the country, either in North or South, in East or West. It will start free from political bosses and political derelicts. It will be a party of the people and for the people. It will be a young man's party. It will stand for sane, sound progress everywhere and in everything, without slavish prejudice in favor of what is or what has been. It will be a party of to-day and of the future, not a party that lives on the traditions of its past.

Achievements of other periods that were in themselves good, and perhaps great, argue nothing for to-day or to-morrow. The conditions and problems are all different, and the men back of them are all different. The new Progressive party has no history to fall back on, and wants none. Its achievements must be its ancestry.

The new Progressive party will not be hampered and clogged by party conventionality or party prejudices. Common sense and justice must be the guides to its acts and its plan of procedure.

What the New Progressive Party Stands For

The new Progressive party will stand for a clean-cut economic policy and a broad, constructive policy, without which our industries will languish and idleness fill the land. The new party will stand for conservation of our natural resources, and will foster whatever methods look toward greater productivity of the soil, which in turn will have a helpful effect on the problem of the high cost of living.

The new Progressive party will encourage thrift, and will urge in every practical way the elimination of waste in our industries, in transportation, and in our commerce.

The new Progressive party believes that women should have equal suffrage with men, because it is right and just that they should have it.

The new Progressive party believes in laws that will clarify the muddled business situation of the county, and make it perfectly clear to the business man what he can do and what he cannot do. Furthermore, it believes strongly in such laws as will protect the small business man and the small manufacturer all over the country against the concentrated power of great organizations.

It believes, too, that our banking and currency system should be so readjusted that the small business man and the small manufacturer will be able to get the banking accomodations he requires, subject to the measure of his credit.

The new Progressive party, on the other hand, does not believe in the destruction of big corporations, but it believes in controlling them and making sure that they do not destroy the competition of the small man or smaller concerns. It holds that in certain lines of industry the big corporation is necessary, and that without it we cannot compete with foreign manufacturers; that these large establishments can produce at a cost which will put their products into the hands of the consumer at a lower price than he can possibly get them by any other process of manufacture. Large establishments with ample capital reduce manufacturing costs and minimize wastes in many directions.

But this new party holds that the government must have a firm control over such aggregations of capital and power, and must see that they are not hostile to the small manufacturer

(Continued on page 4.)

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PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, supress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars. Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimating of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns or villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election and school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcement of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers and privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for," so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts.

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession:

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for that purpose:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

Exempting property from taxation:

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety or persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or services for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers is provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.
A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows: "All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall be held in an odd-numbered year: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes, but the General Assembly may, by general law, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, under-ground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities or counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year; and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties of municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

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QUALITY AND PURITY.

For Fancy Drinks, Frappes, Sundaes, and Ice Cream Sodas (all flavors). The Sugar Bowl is the place to go.

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This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is as ever headquarters for everything in the line of

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at this reliable establishment Prices are right.

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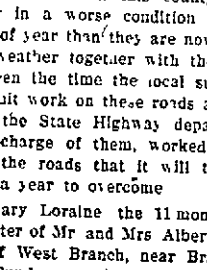

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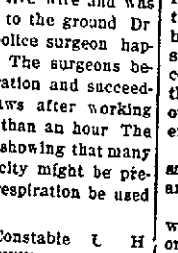

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McKean County Miner

Smethport Thursday Aug 29, 1912

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Reid the following item of interest of Bert Johnson of Clermont on the last page of this issue It tells of great bargains for the next few days

The Old Home Week celebration in Coudersport this week is being marred by rain but those who have attended say they are having a good time nevertheless

—Rev S A Morse district superintendent will preach next Sunday morning at the M E church and will administer the sacrament There will be preaching in the evening by the pastor

—The Smethport baseball team is in Coudersport they expected to play ball there yesterday and today but rain interfered with yesterday's game However they hope to play two games there today

—Walking in his sleep Charles A Thorne a well known resident of Clearfield walked from a balcony on the third floor of the Snyder building at Clearfield shortly after midnight Sunday tumbled to the ground fifty feet below and was almost instantly killed

—Last Thursday a large automobile and eight occupants from DuBois went over an embankment near the tannery at Ludlow but none of the party were seriously injured Driving on the slippery roads without chains was the cause of the accident Strange to say the car was only slightly damaged.

—The roads in this county were never in a worse condition at this time of year than they are now The bad weather together with the lapse between the time the local supervisors quit work on these roads and the time the State Highway department took charge of them, worked havoc with the roads that it will take at least a year to overcome

—Mary Loraine the 11 months old daughter of Mr and Mrs Albert Johnson of West Branch, near Bradford, died Sunday morning at 5 20 o'clock from injuries which she received Saturday afternoon by being scalded by hot water The child was creeping on the kitchen floor near the stove when a pail of hot water which was on the stove accidently upset and the contents were spilled over the child's body, so that her form from her shoulders down was terribly blistered

—The Brockwayville Record was responsible for the following Lik county snake story One day last week while Jules Yee was picking berries on his favorite patch he ran across a lot of rattlers that bit at him, he killed seven before Dropping his cherry pail into the hole of the snakes and succeeded in killing 9 snakes with a fair sized ton of them being of large size and each sporting a lively bunch of rattles Six full grown snakes escaped while Mr Yee was cleaning up the ten with a club

—The postoffice appropriation act for the fiscal year ending June 30 1913 provides That hereafter postoffices of the first and second class shall not be open on Sundays to the purpose of delivering mail to the general public but this provision shall not prevent the prompt delivery of special delivery mail Smethport is a second class postoffice and the store comes under this ruling The postmaster General has interpreted the law to mean that owners of lock boxes still have access to them but there will be no window delivery

—A dispatch from Huntington W Va dated Aug 27, says On the trail of Wesley Edwards and Sidna Allen wanted in connection with the Hillsville, Va court tragedy, and with a capias for their arrest in his pocket Mike Duncan, a detective and former resident of Nolan, W Va, is in jail here Seven years ago Everett Thompson was shot and killed at Nolan Last night as Duncan passed along the street here he was recognized by Floyd Thompson an uncle of the dead man and his arrest followed Duncan says he fired in self defense

—Anthony Laws a lineman for the Philadelphia Electric Company was saved from death Sunday after his heart action had stopped for three minutes Laws was trimming a lamp when he touched a live wire and was hurled unconscious to the ground Dr Francis Taylor, a police surgeon happened to be near The surgeons began artificial respiration and succeeded in restoring Laws after working over him for more than an hour The case is regarded as showing that many deaths from electricity might be prevented if artificial respiration be used immediately

—On Saturday Constable C H Foote gathered in William Burke, an old offender on the charge of vagrancy Billy Burke was trying to earn an honest living by passing around a card stating that he was deaf and dumb and asking alms, until the constable saw him and took him in He was given a hearing before Justice Gleason and remanded to jail in default of the $100 bail exacted by the justice When he was landed in jail "Billy" found his voice and used some language that is not often put in print Sir William tried the same stunt here about four years ago for which he served nine months in jail, but it seems he did not profit by his former experience

—Warren Times It was thought that Sunday's electrical storm was severe, but it could not be compared, as to severity, with the one that swept Warren shortly after 8 o'clock last night and held sway for hours The populance was with cause frightened inasmuch as the right was practically every second illuminated with flames as bright as the most powerful searchlight and of long duration Each flash was followed by a crash of thunder that made dwellings tremble A downpour of hail that beat a loud weird tatoo on the roofs sidewalks and pavements was followed by rain which in volume resembled a veritable cloudburst The bolts of lightning struck in many places but miraculously it would seem no one was hurt as far as is known and damage done was not heavy In the borough though extensive in the farming regions where the hail played havoc with crops in places The storm was the worst, it is said within the memory of the oldest citizen

—According to a certain expert in road making there is a difference of only a few thousand dollars a mile in cost between a macadamized highway and one that is paved with brick The former will not endure the combination of hot tires and motor traffic the iron shoes prick it into dust when the rubber tire sucks air and the wind blows away with results that the road soon requires resurfacing It is claimed for the brick pavement however, that it will stand for fifteen years and that if the bricks are then turned over the road will be as good as new Michigan is trying a combination highway sixteen feet of brick pavement and sixteen feet of good dirt road beside it Traffic both horse and machine will prefer the dirt road when it is in good condition and when it is mud drives can be to the other If the brick road is cheaper than the macadam when the cities to repair the latter is figured in we may yet see sterling as the idea now seems a network of brick roads scattered over the state mounting the hills and winding along the valleys

A MUSICIAN'S ROMANCE.

Fanelli's Triumph, That Came After Thirty Years of Misery

The life story of M Fanelli the composer of "Tableaux Symphoniques," reads like a romance How easily it might have read like a tragedy this incident will show

In his youth Fanelli had been courageous and ambitious full of dreams of the music he was going to write for the world to hear and admire But misfortune followed misfortune He found it impossible to get a hearing for his compositions, and one by one his dreams began to fade

Ten, twenty, thirty years went by Fanelli, all hope crushed by continued adversity, was earning a pittance by playing night after night in an orchestra None of his colleagues suspected his genius, for he kept his ambitions locked in his heart, as he kept the symphony, the masterpiece of his youth, locked in his desk

Then one day Fanelli in search of work as a copyist, called upon Gabriel Pierne one of the great musical celebrities of Paris Asked to show a sample of his writing Fanelli produced the symphony which he had brought with him Pierne looked at it and saw that the writing was clear, then he saw something more, for he continued reading the music eagerly

"Who is this Fanelli?" he asked at length

"Myself," answered the composer "I wrote it nearly thirty years ago"

"Leave this with me and come again in a few days."

So Fanelli went out, while Pierne, too enrapt to say goodby, stood by the window, poring over the music. A few days later he announced to the delighted but dazed Fanelli that he was going to produce the symphony at one of the Concerts Colonne

On the eventful night Fanelli himself took a seat with the musicians. Tears came into his eyes as he heard the first strains of his work, neglected for so many years He was not alone in his emotion, however for as the music proceeded tears came into the eyes of the other musicians, the director, the audience The music took them by storm When it was over a burst of applause broke out, rose and swelled and would not die away The composer alone sat quiet, as if in deep thought. Finally he got up, walked over to Pierne, and with a full heart expressed his gratitude

"Again I thank you. M Pierne," he said, taking his leave, "Good night, and a good appetite to you"

Pierne wondered at this strange farewell, but at last the meaning dawned on him The applause that was still ringing through the hall had brought to Fanelli not only fame, but what for the moment was of even more importance to him, the promise of easier living The composer of "Tableaux Symphoniques" had left the scene of his triumph to enjoy a much needed and rare treat—a good dinner—Youth's Companion.

FINDING A PAWN TICKET.

Sometimes It May Be Just Walking Into a Trap.

"While walking through one of the prominent streets the other day," said an innocent looking individual, "I espied an important looking piece of paper on the sidewalk and, picking it up, found it to be a pawn ticket for a diamond scarfpin which some careless person had apparently dropped.

"According to the ticket, the pin had been pledged several weeks before for $15. 'How am I to find the owner?' thought I. 'Shall I take it to the pawnbroker? Perhaps if I do the owner will never see it anyway The pin must surely be a good one and doubtless worth three times the amount for which it was pledged. Why not appropriate it to my own use?'

"The name on the ticket was Brown and my conscience was relieved when I found several hundred of that name in the directory I soon made up my mind and started for the broker's office I asked to see the pin before redeeming it, stating that I had bought the ticket, and upon the payment of 25 cents was allowed to examine it

"It looked all right to me, although I am not a qualified judge of diamonds, so I paid the principal of $15 and the interest of $1 50 and the pin became mine

"The next day I showed it to an expert who declared it to be worth far less than the amount I had paid for it.

"'It is a trick of some people,' he said 'to defraud unwary persons like yourself The scheme consists of issuing tickets for spurious pieces of jewelry for amounts many times in excess of their value and dropping them on the sidewalk in different parts of town where unsuspecting persons of this kind find them and redeem them as you did thus yielding a handsome profit to the perpetrators'"—Philadelphia Record

AN HOUR'S WALK.

You Would Hardly Think It Meant Traveling 85,253 Miles

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel when you are out on an hours stroll? Possibly you walk three miles within the hour but that does not by any means represent the distance you travel The earth turns on its axis every twenty four hours For the sake of round figures we will call the earth's circumference 24 000 miles and so you must have traveled during the hours stroll 1 000 miles in the axial turn of the earth

But this is not all The earth makes a journey around the sun every year and it is no flat trip it is The distance of our planet from the sun we will put at 92 000 000 miles This is the radius of the earth's orbit half the diameter of the circle as we call it The whole diameter is therefore 184 000 000 miles and the circumference allowing the diameter multiplied by 3 1416 is about 578 000 000

This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey and dividing it by 365 we find the daily speed about 1 580 000 Then we get the distance you rode around the sun during your hour's walk divide again by twenty four and the result is about 66 000 miles But this is not the end of your hours trip The sun with its entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 160 000 000 miles in a year That is at the rate of a little more than 438,000 miles a day, or 18, 250 miles an hour

So adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth this to the earth's orbital journey and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun and you find you have traveled in the hour 85 253 miles

Eccentric Tides.

Owing to the effects of shore lines and other influences which are more or less obscure it is very difficult to account for the peculiarities exhibited by tidal waves in various parts of the world

Interfering waves cause once a day tides at Tahiti and in some other places while on the other hand in the harbors back of the Isle of Wight and in the Tay in Scotland there are three tides in a day The latter have been ascribed to overtides, produced by the modification of tidal waves running ashore and resembling the overtones of musical sounds—New York Sun

Made the Sea Run.

"Ah, yes," murmured Miss Screecher after the first selection at the musicale "I have had some exciting experiences. Coming over here from London a terrible storm arose and I had to sing to quiet the immigrants. You should have seen the heavy sea running!"

And the big rude man in the pink neck tie gazed out of the window

I don't blame the sea! he muttered.

Longing

He—What a glum and dismal wife you are! I don't belive you could be lively or pleasant to save your life. She—I may be a dull wife but just give me a chance and see what a merry widow I would make—London Stray Stories

The Only Fear.

New Merchant—How big an ad would you advise? Advertising Man—That depends on how many tons of customers your store floor will sustain. You wouldn't want 'em to break through into the cellar, of course—Puck

Beastly Weather

Wickler—Beastly weather isn't it? Stickler—Why will you use those idiotic expressions? How can the weather be beastly? Wickler—Well it's raining cats and dogs—Philadelphia Press

A. T. Palmer

Livery, Feed, Sale and Boarding Stable

Carriages furnished for all occasions.

SMETHPORT, PA.

UNDERTAKING

—AND—

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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The best goods at reasonable prices

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The chances are we have it.

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Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
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COMPLETE,
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When in need of printed blanks call at this office, we carry a full line

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Quick Lunches at all Hours

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WALKER'S PURE ICE CREAM

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We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys and Children's Wear for Spring to show you

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kuppenheimer

Suits for Young Men Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world An inspection will convince you We will be glad to show them

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery All the latest creations at the very lowest price

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Big Double Clothing House

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WE HAVE

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
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Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 29, 1912.

The Beaver county vote buying scandal don't seem to be pleasing to Senator Penrose and his crowd.

Now that the political grafters are telling what they know about each other, the plain people may have a chance for a square deal.

More than $100,000,000 damage was done to crops; miles of railways are under water; traffic halted and many towns isolated in England because of the most serious flood in its history. Continued rain throughout September is forecasted and it is feared the damage may run close to three hundred millions eventually.

The postmaster-editors, lacking any sound reasoning why Taft should be re-elected and why Col. Roosevelt should not be elected, are trying to pay for their appointments by a campaign of vilification against Co. Roosevelt. But the day of billingsgate argument has passed and these unmanly attacks in the Taft sheets will only serve to crowd Mr. Taft further back in his hopeless race for re-election.

Police Lieutenant Becker, indicted for the instigation of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, will tell on the witness stand how he "saved" $125,000 in 12 months on a salary of $2,250 a year. He will explain how he made his $2,250 earn 5,555per cent. on itself in a year, and lived comfortably in the meantime as well as started to build himself a $9,000 house on a $6,000 lot. The $125,000 involved is the amount District Attorney Whitman has found deposited in various banks around and in New York to the joint credit of Becker and Helen L. Becker, his wife. The $2,250 principal was the sum which appeared opposite his name on the police pay roll each year. It amounts to $187.50 monthly and the income from it amounted approximately to $10,417 each month. Standard Oil never did anything so profitable as this.

A complete list of the owners of property rented for use as gambling houses in New York was made public Tuesday night by Commissioner Waldo. The commissioner refused to make any comment beyond an intimation that the list of owners of disorderly houses would be made public in a few days, and would reveal a still more startling state of affairs. Verified copies of the lists are to be turned over to the district attorney's office for use in John Doe proceedings which are to be instituted as the first step in a determined war for the extermination of all forms of organized vice. According to a story told to-day, William J. Flynn, who is to assist the aldermanic committee in its investigation of police graft, has promised to expose thoroughly the many secret places that are constantly in use for the protection of the big law breakers. Flynn's investigation, will, it is said, trace the course of graft from the dives and gambling hells to the policemen, or other collectors and from them to their superiors in the department and to the politicians, who act as the real protectors of the law breakers.

THE NEW PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

(Continued from page 1)

and the small business man.

The new Progressive party believes in a navy that will insure peace, that will give us a rightful position among the powers of the world, and that will make the Monroe Doctrine an actuality.

The new rogressive party believes in governmental superintendence over the investments offered to the American people. With the lack of supervision that has always obtained, and that still obtains, many millions of dollars—perhaps as much as a hundred millions—are annually fleeced from the wage-earners and others by fake mining and other worthless promotions. The State of Kansas has taken it upon herself to protect her citizens in this respect, with good results; but thoroughly effective work can only be done by the national government.

A Righteous Rebuke to Dishonest Political Methods.

These are some of the ideas and purposes of the new Progressive party but, in addition, there rests upon this party the duty of administering a righteous rebuke to the Republican party for the infamous steal perpetrated at the recent Chicago Convention, and of registering a protest against similar steamroller proceedings in many of the States in the election of delegates to that convention. At no time in our political history have conscienceless boss methods been pursued as recklessly and defiantly as during the last six months in the Republican party.

It was, from the first, a rule or ruin policy with the stalwarts, without regard to or consideration for the success of the party in the coming election. It was a certainty with all thinking men that Taft had no chance of reelection to the Presidency this fall. But he had the mahinery in his hands, he had the patronage in his hands, and he had back of him the Old Guard to a man, the party bosses and all.

For American citizens who registered in a well-defined majority their preference for the nominee for President, to accept the findings of the Chicago Convention without decisive and effective protest would be cowardice and would show a spineless subserviency to outrageous bossism inconceivable in a free, independent people.

The convention that just placed Mr. Taft in nomination was without substance; a mere shell. It in no sense represented the Republican voters of the country. The control of the convention was made up chiefly of Southern delegates, of the seventy-five subservient followers of Bill Barnes in New York State, of fraudulently seated delegates, and of men from our outlying possessions, Hawaii, Alaska, the Philippine Islands, and Porto Rico, which cast no vote for President.

With the exception of New York, Taft had only a straggling vote in the Northern Republican States, the States that must return Republican electors if any are to be marshaled for the old party. There never was anything clearer than that the Republican party of the North wanted Mr. Roosevelt as the nominee for President, and the Republican party of the South does not count because it has no voice in an election.

An honest interpretation of the people's wishes by the National Committee and by the Convention assembled would have placed Mr. Roosevelt in nomination by a tremendous majority. Both National Committee and Convention, however, chose to hold to their prearranged program, without regard to the wishes of the people, and with the result that followed.

If there were no other cause for a break with the old party, the disgraceful and farcical Southern delegate situation and the fact that the Republican party is but a sectional party would be quite enough to warrant the separation that has come, and the founding of a new, nation-wide party that will avoid race issues, and be free from old war-like prejudices, and, too, that will be able to make legitimate contest with the Democratic party in every State of the Union.

It is perfectly clear that the Republican party hasn't the courage or the moral force or the sense of justice to force a solution of the disgraceful Southern delegate problem.

The Evils of the One-Party System in the South.

As the situation is to-day and has been for half a century, the Southern States, having one-quarter of our entire population, are pratically without national political representation save by a single party, the Democratic party. This is neither a wholesome condition for these States nor for the Democratic party itself. A party that does not feel the spur of opposition does not reach the highest standards. They are attained only by contest and combat with an opposing force.

Another bad phase about the present situation is the fact that in a national election the Democratic party "holds pat" the vote of the solid South, thus making it necessary to carry only a few Northern States to win. The converse of this is that the contesting party, to succeed, must carry an overwhelming majority of the Northern States, thus centering the battle-ground in a few of the close Northern States, and making the fight too intense for either good morals or good business. And a further evil of this condition is that it continues sectionalism, and there should be no sectionalism in America.

There is no reason, in a great big country like ours, why the people of all the country should not have national parties on which they can divide according to their ideas, and not with regard to sectional prejudice.

If the Republican party, as one of the two great dominant national parties, cannot enter the Southern States and command a following among the best citizens of the South, then clearly it is not a nation-wide party and should give way to one against which there is no fatal prejudice and which has in it the ideas and ideals that will appeal to the South as well as to the North and the West.

The New Party Bigger Than Any Man

The new Progressive party is not a Roosevelt party, as many persons seem to think. It has good reasons for its coming and good reasons for its development and continuance—reasons that make it bigger than any man.

Mr. Roosevelt is merely an incident in its creation, just as Taft's surrendering to the reactionaries was an incident in its creation and just as the Chicago convention was an incident in its creation. There have been many other contributing causes, thousands of them, conspicuous among which are the Southern delegate farce, the political boss, big interests, and the reactionaries.

That Mr. Roosevelt is especially important to the new party at this juncture is certain. He has a great following. The plain people have confidence in him and believe him. They believe in him and his achievements. His leadership, therefore, of the new party will at once give it place and standing with the voters of the country.

At best, Mr. Roosevelt is but an instrument in the founding and outworking of the new party. He will give to it according to the measure of his earnestness and capacity; others will do the same.

The new Progressive party is a nation-wide party, not a sectional party, not a one-man party. It is a party believing in sincerity and honesty and simplicity in governmental affairs, a party seeking modern methods for a modern people—not archaic and cumbersome methods of government; simply because they are or have been.

Nothing is good enough because it is or has been; it is good enough only when every reason, independent of prejudice, indorses it and says it is right.

—The fair management of Olean has been fortunate in securing one of the world's most famous aviators, who will make daily flights in one of the new military model aeroplanes at the Olean fair next week.

PERSONAL MENTION.

George Howe is a Toronto business visitor this week.

The Rev. J. H. McCandless is visiting relatives in Pittsburgh.

Misses Mate Connolly and Belva Ford left Saturday for Conneaut lake.

Mrs. Flore Hogarth left last Friday for a visit with relatives in Emporium.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Burdick are attending the fair at Toronto, Can., this week.

Miss Jessie Camp of Hamburg, N. Y., has been the guest of Mrs. E. A. Studholme.

J. B. Gallup and daughter, Charlotte, spent Sunday in Bradford, the guests of relatives.

Miss Stewart of Bath, N. Y., is visiting at the home of Mrs. F. A. McCoy on King street.

Mrs. John Ruffalo and daughter, Elizabeth, left Thursday for their home in Youngstown, Ohio.

Miss Iva Holder returned home Saturday from an extended visit with relatives and friends in Clearfield, Pa.

Mrs. E. A. Hamilton and sons, William and Clifford, have returned from a visit with relatives in Hamburg, N. Y.

Mrs. Carrie Marks and son, Dick, leave to-day for New York city where she expects to enter a hospital for training.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and son, Alpha, returned home to-day from a week's visit with relatives in Chipmunk, Pa.

Miss Ella Gallup left Saturday for Holland, Mich., where she holds the position of head trimmer in a large millinery store.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme and daughters, Margaret and Mary, who have been visiting here for two weeks, have returned to their home in Port Allegan.

The Misses Isabel and Doris Churchill of Springville, N. Y., passed Sunday at the home of C. H. Gleason. They were accompanied home by their cousin, Helen Gleason.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell and daughter, Harriet, who have been visiting relatives and friends in Buffalo and Armour, N. Y., for the past week are expected home to-morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. McAhon returned Monday evening after spending a 6 weeks' vacation at Mr. McAhon's old home in the Adirondacks. They were accompanied home by Miss Essie McAhon.

(Additional personals on page 5.

ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

The State Highway Department Is Doing Some Good Work.

Harrisburg, Pa., August 20.—Six thousand men are at work on the highways which the State of Pennsylvania has taken over for the establishment of the State road system, and already the preliminary work on repair and maintenance of highways is beginning to show. Dirt is flying in every county in the State, and roads which were neglected are being put into condition for easy and safe traveling by wagons and automobiles. In some districts transformations have been made of roads which were notorious for their condition and on which little or no work had been done for over a year because of expectation that the Commonwealth would take them over.

The work now under way is but the commencement of a State wide system of maintenance and owing to the vast amount of attention required is not what the State Highway department will be able to do when the $50,000,000 bond issue is voted for the construction of roads. State officials say that they are doing the best possible with the appropriation at hand and will welcome the co-operation of farmers and property owners through whose districts the State highways extend. It is recognized that if people passing over roads will report to the county road superintendent places which require attention everyone will be benefitted and the State enabled to get the best results.

Under the $50,000,000 bond issue money will be available over an extended period of years for the reconstruction of State highways and with revenue for building provided more money will be available for the improvement of township roads under the State aid system and by payment to townships and for maintenance as well. The cardinal principle of the State in its highway program is first class road maintenance. This will require a liberal appropriation and it will be forthcoming if the money is provided to build the highways.

The question of issuing the bonds for the road work will be acted upon finally at the next session of the legislature, and it will be laid before the people in the form of an amendment to the constitution next year. The amendment will limit the road debt to $50,000,000, the bonds to be issued over a period of years so that the burden of interest and redemption funds will be minimized, while the plan of calling in some of the bonds at the end of five or ten years will enable the State to be cutting down its debt and to pay off a considerable portion before the last lot of bonds for road building is put out.

The maintenance work will be what will count in the end, and this year's operations are but a foretaste of what will be done. Members of the Pennsylvania Federation are lending their assistance in reporting conditions of roads, and everyone can help in that direction and at the same time work for local benefits through urging the passage of the bond issue which will give Pennsylvania a system of first class highways between county and market towns.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between D. R. Woodward, Raymond F. Shaw and John Kennard, and doing business under the firm name of D. R. Woodward & Co., at Kane, Pa., Ridgway, Pa., Burlington, N. J., Cambridge, Md., and Bristol Pa., was dissolved by mutual consent on the third day of August, A. D. 1912, the said Shaw and Kennard having sold all of their interest in said partnership to the said D. R. Woodward. D. R. Woodward will continue business at the same places. All claims against the partnership of D. R. Woodward & Co. shall be presented to D. R. Woodward for payment and all claims due the firm shall be paid to him.

D. R. WOODWARD,
RAYMOND F. SHAW,
JOHN KENNARD,
Formerly doing business as D. R. WOODWARD & CO.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Letters of Administration on the Estate of J. H. Biever, late of the borough of Smethport, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated, for settlement.

FRED H. BIEVER, Adm.
Aug.22-6t Smethport, Pa

SEALED PROPOSALS.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
State Highway Department.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the State Highway Department in the Capitol Building, Harrisburg, Pa., until ten o'clock on the morning of August 30th, 1912, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled for the reconstruction of 8,181 lineal feet of asphaltic macadam road, 14 feet wide, situated as follows: From the southwest borough line of Port Allegany to the Lewis Hill cemetery, under the Act of Assembly approved May 31, 1911, P. L. 468. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg; 2117 Farmers' Bank Building, Pittsburgh; 1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; and at Warren, Pa. Each bid must be made upon a blank furnished by the State Highway Department, accompanied by a certified check in the sum of $1500 enclosed in a separate sealed envelope (which blank and envelope will be furnished upon request) marked, "PROPOSAL FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A SECTION OF ROAD IN McKEAN COUNTY, LIBERTY TOWNSHIP."

EDWARD M. BIGELOW,
State Highway Commissioner.

Central State Normal School

Fall Term Begins September 9, '12

GET AN EDUCATION

An exceptional opportunity afforded to young men and young women to prepare for teaching or for business. Four regular courses—Elementary, Normal, Scientific and Advanced Normal; also special work in Music, Domestic Science and Manual Training. Strong teaching force, well graded work, good discipline and hard study insure best results to students.

Central State Normal School,
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Handsome buildings, perfectly equipped steam heat, electric light, abundance of pure mountain water, extensive campus and athletic grounds. Expenses low. State aid to students. Send for Catalogue.

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For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go to Brasted's

MEN ONLY
All Wool Blue Serge Suit Sale.
25---Blue Serge Suits---25
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GOING AT
$11.25
Try one on now while we have your size.
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THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries
WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors:
ESPECIALLY
When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!
TRY THESE, They'll Please!
GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup.
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.
ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.
F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
$2.25 to BUFFALO
AND RETURN
$2.50 to NIAGARA FALLS
AND RETURN
$4.50 to TORONTO
AND RETURN
FROM SMETHPORT
August 27 and September 3, 1912
Ticket good on train leaving at 9:22 a. m. Returning, Buffalo and Niagara Falls tickets will be accepted on all regular trains stopping at above named station, day of excursion, and day following; Toronto tickets will be accepted for passage between Niagara Falls and Lewiston, via N. Y. C. or Grape Route, limited to five days, including day of sale. Baggage will not be checked nor will tickets be valid for passage in Pullman cars.
Children, between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare.
Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Ont., August 24 to September 9, 1912

COW EASE
Warranted to do good work.
Saves Money for the Farmers.
FOR SALE BY
CHAS. W. MASSER,
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WAVERLY HIGH SPEED
The favorite with experienced motorists. The right gasoline for safety, comfort and speed. Instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion, quick ignition, no carbon deposits—all these are guaranteed.
We make three grades of
GASOLINE
76° — SPECIAL — MOTOR
Power Without Carbon. All Refined Products.
No "natural" gasolines used. At your dealers.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
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Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil.
FREE—200 Page Book—tells all about oil.

PATTERNS PATTERNS

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THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Akron Gas Heater Sad Iron.

A new thing in the line of Sad Irons. Can be attached to any light and only costs about one half a cent to do an ordinary ironing. They are evenly heated at the bottom, just where the heat should be.

We put them out on three weeks trial and guarant them to give satisfaction.

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Hardware and Plumbing Store

You Pay Less Here

We find we help ourselves most by first helping others. Compare our prices with the prices you pay elsewhere and you will be convinced. We save you money on the same quality bought from the same factory. All goods sold by us are guaranteed to quality and prices or your money refunded. A few of the many prices given below.

Best granulated sugar	6c
Niagara corn starch	6c
Arm & Hammar soda	6c
Large size Gold Dust (pkg)	19c
Large size Pet Milk, 9c, 3 for	25c
Large size Post Toasties 9c, 3 for	25c
Maple Flake 9c, 3 for	25c
8 Bars Lenox soap	25c
10 Bars Fels Naptha soap	25c
7 Bars Oak Leaf soap	25c
Royal Baking Powder, 1 lb. can	39c
Medium Red Salmon	15c

Choice Fruits and Vegetables

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug, 29, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Daly on Sunday, Augut 25, 1912, a boy.

—Mrs. D. C. Young entertained a party of ladies at Bridge on Monday afternoon.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Jones have moved to Corning, N. Y., where they will make their future home.

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—The new Smethport baseball team is awakening some of the old-time interest in baseball, in Smethport.

—Mrs. H. L. McCoy entertained at Bridge and Five Hundred at her home on Main street on Tuesday evening.

—E. W. Strong and family are camping in the woods north of town, and despite the bad weather they report a good time.

—Mrs. J. W. Lee entertained a number of ladies at Bridge Whist at her home on West Main street Tuesday afternoon.

—Mrs. B. T. Garlick is entertaining a party of ladies at Bridge Whist at her home on East Main street this afternoon.

—The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad is making some decided improvements in its roadbed through this borough.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick, who has been ill for the past month, suffered a relapse on Sunday and his condition was quite serious for a day or so, but now he is on the road to recovery again.

—Ruth and Mary McCarty of East Main street gave a lawn party in honor of their two cousins, Margaret and Ida Cunningham, of Johnsonburg. All reported a fine time.

—The friends of the Misses Ella and Edith Young rendered them a very pleasant surprise party at their home last Saturday evening. The evening was spent playing five hundred, and elegant refreshments were served.

—It is reported that the Bell Telephone company is going to make some decided improvements in its service in this place in the near future. We sincerely hope that this rumor is true because we have been greatly in need of such improvements for a long time.

—Work is progressing quite rapidly on the new building of the Scott F. Redfield Publishing Company. Mr. Redfield has ordered presses and other machinery and expects to have all his printing of The Boys' Magazine done in Smethport before the first of the year.

—The annual Grange picnic held at Coryville last Thursday afternoon was a great success as usual. It is estimated by those who are familiar with crowds that there were 1500 people on the grounds and all had a good time. Excellent speaking was one of the features of the day.

—Olean's fourth big fair opens next Modnay, Labor Day, and promises to eclipse any agricultural exposition in Western New York this year. There have been extensive improvements in the way of permanent buildings this season, and although the Olean fair is one of the youngest in Cattaraugus county, it already has a splendid equipment.

—"Happy Jack" Collins, who was one of the best known woodsmen in [illegible] and who has been an inmate of the County Home for several years, was taken to the Kane hospital last Saturday night to prepare for an operation for cancer of the lip. He will be operated on sometime next week and his friends hope that it may be a success.

—The program for the I. O. O. F. Band concert this evening is as follows: Outlook, march; Minstrel King march; Ted Snyder's Medley Overture 1912, Ragtime Violin, Moonlight Bay, Northern Light, overture; Everybody's Doing It, Take a Little Tip From Father, Boneta, concert overture; Signal Gun, March; Star Spangled Banner.

—To-day's Era: Anybody who may happen to resemble Gyp the Blood or Lefty Louie should carry certificates with them showing their true identity, together with affidavits proving alibis. This precaution would have saved two men on a B., R. & P. train much annoyance yesterday when they were detained in Bradford and put through a cross-examination as to their personal affairs, their true names, addresses, business, etc.

—The Blair & Company pharmacy, located in the Fagnan block, has been purchased by P. E. Brown, a well known young man who for years conducted a drug store in Mr. Jewett. Mr. Brown took possession of the store this morning and will soon have it renovated and ready for business.—Friday's Star-Record. Mr. Brown opened and conducted the theatorium in Smethport and has many friends in this place who will wish him success in his new venture.

—Joseph Campbell, a well known young man of this place, who has been employed in Hazelhurst for some time past, is very seriously ill. He has been suffering with a peculiar trouble for some time and last Saturday he went to Buffalo and Dr. Winde diagnosed his case as palegra. Palegra is an incurable disease that was described in this paper some time ago, which is very rare in this country, and his many friends here and in this vicinity hope that the diagnosis may be wrong.

—During the electric and wind storm on Monday evening two cows, valued at $45 each, were struck by lightning and killed on the farm of Gust Moline, about a mile from Kane on the Jo Jo road, says the Kane Republican. The death of the cows was not discovered until the next morning when Mrs. Moline went to the field to do the milking. The animals were found dead under a tree where they were standing when struck. There was no indication that the lightning had hit the tree, nor were there any marks on the bodies of the animals, although both carcasses were very much swollen.

—There will be excellent racing each day of the Olean fair next week, nearly a hundred horses having been entered for the harness events, while there are still others for the daily running races. A new racing feature will be daily chariot races with two and four-horse chariots in old Roman style. The city has expended a large sum for the decoration of the principal business streets during the week and everything will be in holiday attire.

—Comrade J. C. Cunningham entertained the members of his company in the War of the Rebellion at his home on East Main street yesterday. The guests from out of town were Ben F. Sherman of Mansfield, Charles Stage of Lawrenceville, C. W. Hulslander of Columbia X Roads, Stephen Andrus of Tioga, all of Company A, 207th Pa. Vols., William Foreman of Wisconsin, a member of Comrade Cunningham's brigade and Mrs. Stephen Andrus of Tioga. Among other forms of entertainment, Comrade Cunningham gave a tent dinner for his guests and invited a number of veterans and friends to the feast. The comrades present were H. M. Choate, J. Colegrove, and A. W. Colegrove and the guests comprised Prof. Stanley Bright, Wm. Monheimer and Harry L. Backus. The spread was most delicious and was greatly enjoyed, and the younger guests thoroughly enjoyed the stories and reminiscences of the mess tent days in the early 60's. A sturdier, jollier crowd of veterans of the Civil War than these survivors of Company A, would be hard to find and it is hard to believe after looking into their healthy, happy faces that they were old enough to carry a musket back in the days of the Civil War, fifty years ago.

HORSES FOR SALE.

At Palmer's Livery. 8 general purpose Horses. 1 1200 black worker. 1 800 branded mare. All good age and ready to do business, and prices are right. A. T. PALMER,
Aug. 15—3t Smethport, Pa.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

Subscribe for The Miner.

—Miss Hazel Colegrove is the guest of friends in Kane.

—Mrs. Sue Burdick is spending the week with friends in Buffalo.

—Frank Taylor of Memphis, Tenn is in town renewing old acquaintances.

—Mrs. Floyd Heath and daughter are visiting relatives in Coudersport this week.

—Miss Ella Young left Monday for Buffalo after a visit with relatives in this place.

—Miss Bessie Hungiville of Rixford is visiting at the home of W. H. Hungerford.

—Mrs. A. R. Braden of Clarington, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham.

—Editor R. M. Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

—Mrs. E. S. Churchill of Springville, N. Y., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs C. H. Gleason last week.

—The Misses Martha and Verna Cramer returned Monday evening from a visit at Chautauqua Lake.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rice, of Avoca, N. Y., were the guests of Mrs. Rice's sister, Mrs. Lewis Ramer, last week.

—Wm. O'Reilly has returned home after spending a week with his wife at the Zook summer home on Lake Erie.

—Mr. and Mrs. James McCabe, of Fort Worth, Texas, are the guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Ellen McCabe.

—Mrs. Lewis Kenyon and children of Buffalo are visiting at the home of Mrs. Kenyon's mother, Mrs. Alice McClure.

—Mrs. Jane Neff and daughter, Esther, have returned from an extended visit with relatives in Clarion and that vicinity.

—Mrs. Nancy Howard and Mrs. Eva Hulin returned to their home in Nunda, N. Y., Saturday, after visiting Mrs. Martin Helmlein.

—Andrew Campbell was in Buffalo the first of the week, called there by the serious illness of his brother, Joseph Campbell.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bright, left for their home in New Castle, Pa., Friday.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Geary returned home Saturday from a week's visit in Pittsburgh where they attended the annual meeting of the A. O. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Mitchell and daughter, Norma, of Olean were the guests of Mrs. Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Green, over Sunday.

—Miss Beatrice Gifford left Monday for Williamsport for a short visit, and will go from there to New York city where she will enter a hospital for training.

—The Misses Hazel and Alberta Hopper, who have been the guests of their brother, W. B. Hopper, for the past week, returned to their home in Hornell, N. Y., yesterday.

—Mrs. William McKelrnan and daughter, Margaret, of Monroe, La., left Tuesday for their home, after spending several days the guests of Mrs. M. O'Reilly and Mrs. Anna McKelrnan.

—Harry Rublin, Kenneth Mayo and Edwin Bouton returned home Saturday from an automobile trip to St. Marys, Jamestown, Erie, Dunkirk and Buffalo. They made the trip in the former's car.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mullin and children, Helen, Ralph and Ruth, of Bridgeport, Ill., returned to their home to-day after a brief visit with Mrs. Mullin's mother, Mrs. W. B. Fulmer, and other relatives here.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman who have been visiting Mrs. Cheeseman's daughter, Mrs. T. F. Williams, in Butler, Pa., have returned home, accompanied by Crosby Williams, who will remain with them for some time.

(Additional personals on page 4.)

SUCH A BARGAIN!

44

Splendid School Suits

will be sold at

$2.00

These are Spring and Summer Suits, but really heavy enough for fall wear. Regular $3.50 $4.00 and $4.50 but we are going to "clear 'em out" at

$2.00

made in Norfolk, 3 button and double breasted—all have knicker-bocker pants; sizes 7 to 14

Harry if you want a bargain.

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THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

FRY & COMES

Store Closed at 6 p. m. excepting Mondays and Saturdays.

BED BLANKETS.

Blanket time is here—Our store is showing a splendid new stock of extra values, cotton fleece and woolnap bed blanket this week.

Months ago when prices were at the lowest point we bought liberally so that to-day we have something over 200 pairs to offer you at a decided price advantage. Later on when we have to replenish our stocks, prices will be noticeably higher, already manufacturers have advanced prices materially. Our advice is supply your needs now.

Fleeced Blankets, white, Grey, Tan per pair - - - 55c to $2.00
Woolnap Blankets " " " and Plaids per pair $1.75 to $2.90
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Ducking Fleece—New Fall Patterns, the yard - - 15c
Handsome designs and colorings for Kimonas and dressing sacques.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in our feet.

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"LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION."

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Don't Buy Tire Worries With a Pleasure Car.

It is now possible to make an automobile journey without a thought of your tires.

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Makes it so. It cures every evil chargeable to pneumatic tires. It increases the life of the casings fifty to one hundred per cent. It never loses its vitality. It is a perfect shock absorber. It rides as easy as air. It saves money and annoyance. It does not granulate, freeze or soften. It fits any tire on any rim. It is absolutely trouble proof. It saves expense in special tools. AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, It permits one to continually enjoy the pleasures automobiles were intended to promote.

RESILIO—What It Is

Resilio is a vegetable compound which is forced into the inner tube hot, in a semi-liquid state, where it immediately vulcanizes, and is ready for the road in a few hours.

Pneumatic tires have not kept up with the Pace.

It is conceded that pneumatic tires are ten years behind the times in automobile construction, and many devices have been offered to cover this seemingly unconquerable fault.

Most of them have no merit, and some indifferent merit. Some are beyond reason because of the cost and it remains for

RECILIO

To cover every known objection in tire construction, which it does in the most simple manner and at a very reasonable price.

RESILIO Has Stood the Test

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Actual tests show great gains in efficiency of power in your gasoline; a feature worth remembering.

The motorist whose tires are treated with RESILIO knows what it is to enjoy pneumatic tire speed, resiliency and comfort without pneumatic tire expense, trouble and worry. Knows what it means to feel that there can be No blowouts. No punctures. No extra tires or tubes to carry. No rim cuts. No leaky valves. No delays. No accidents. No dirty work on the roads.

It is not affected by heat or cold. Can be used in any tire under any conditions. Does not flatten from standing or lose its shape from any other reason.

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A GHOST OF A CHANCE

Story of the Downfall of a Bashful Man

By O. HENRY

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"Actually a hod!" repeated Mrs. Kinsolving pathetically.

Mrs. Bellamy Bellmore arched a sympathetic eyebrow. Thus she expressed condolence and a generous amount of apparent surprise.

"Fancy her falling everywhere," recapitulated Mrs. Kinsolving, "that she saw a ghost in the apartment she occupied here—our choicest guest room—a ghost carrying a hod on its shoulder—the ghost of an old man in overalls, smoking a pipe and carrying a hod! The very absurdity of the thing shows her malicious intent. There never was a Kinsolving that carried a hod. Every one knows that Mr. Kinsolving's father accumulated his money by large building contracts, but he never worked a day with his own hands. He had this house built from his own plans, but—oh, a hod! Why need she have been so cruel and malicious?"

"It is really too bad," murmured Mrs. Bellmore, with an approving

"BUT SHE TOLD EVERYBODY!" MOURNED MRS. KINSOLVING.

glance of her fine eyes about the vast chamber done in lilac and old gold. "And it was in this room she saw it! Oh, no, I'm not afraid of ghosts! Don't have the least fear on my account. I'm glad you put me in here. I think family ghosts so interesting! But, really, the story does sound a little inconsistent. I should have expected something better from Mrs. Fischer Suympkins."

"This house," continued Mrs. Kinsolving, "was built upon the site of an old one used by the family during the Revolution. There wouldn't be anything strange in its having a ghost. And there was a Captain Kinsolving who fought in General Greene's army, though we've never been able to secure any papers to vouch for it. If there is to be a family ghost, why couldn't it have been his instead of a bricklayer's?"

"The ghost of a Revolutionary ancestor wouldn't be a bad idea," agreed Mrs. Bellmore, "but you know how arbitrary and inconsiderate ghosts can be."

"But she told everybody!" mourned Mrs. Kinsolving inconsolable. "She insisted upon the details. There is the pipe. And how are you going to get out of the overalls?"

"Shan't get into them," said Mrs. Bellmore, with a prettily suppressed yawn; "too stiff and wrinkly. Is that you, Fellce? Prepare my bath, please. Do you dine at 7 at Clifftop, Mrs. Kinsolving? So kind of you to run in for a chat before dinner! I love those little touches of informality with a guest."

Mrs. Fischer-Suympkins had been the first large plum that the Kinsolvings had drawn from the social pie. For a long time the pie itself had been out of reach on a top shelf. But the purse and the pursuit had at last lowered it.

To some pressure at the command of the Kinsolvings, she had yielded so far as to honor their house by her presence for an evening and night. She had her revenge upon her hostess by relating, with grim enjoyment and sarcastic humor, her story of the vision carrying the hod. To that lady in raptures at having penetrated thus far toward the coveted inner circle, the result came as a crushing disappointment. Everybody either sympathized or laughed.

But later on Mrs. Kinsolving's hopes and spirits were revived by the capture of a second and greater prize.

Mrs. Bellamy Bellmore had accepted an invitation to visit at Clifton and would remain for three days. Mrs. Bellmore was one of the younger matrons whose beauty, descent and wealth gave her a reserved seat in the holy of holies that required no strenuous bolstering. She was generous enough thus to give Mrs. Kinsolving the accolade that was so poignantly desired, and at the same time she thought how much it would please Terence. Perhaps it would end by solving him.

Terence was Mrs. Kinsolving's son, aged twenty-nine, quite good looking enough and with two or three attractive and mysterious traits. For one he was very devoted to his mother, and that was sufficiently odd to deserve notice. For others he talked so little that it was irritating, and he seemed either very shy or very deep. Terence interested Mrs. Bellmore because she was not sure which it was. She intended to study him a little longer unless she forgot the matter. If he was only shy she would abandon him, for shyness is a bore. If he was deep she would also abandon him, for depth is precarious.

On the afternoon of the third day of her visit Terence hunted up Mrs. Bellmore and found her in a nook actually looking at an album.

"It's so good of you," said he, "to come down here and retrieve the day for us. I suppose you have heard that Mrs. Fischer-Suympkins scuttled the ship before she left. She knocked a whole plank out of the bottom with a hod. My mother is grieving herself ill about it. Can't you manage to see a ghost for us while you are here, Mrs. Bellmore—a bang-up, swell ghost, with a coronet on his head and a check book under his arm?"

"That was a naughty old lady, Terence," said Mrs. Bellmore, "to tell such stories. Perhaps you gave her too much supper. Your mother doesn't really take it seriously, does she?"

"I think she does," answered Terence. "One would think every brick in the hod had dropped on her. It's a good mammy, and I don't like to see her worried."

"I'm sleeping in the ghost chamber," said Mrs. Bellmore pensively. "But it's so nice I wouldn't change it, even if I were afraid, which I'm not. It wouldn't do for me to submit a counter story of a desirable, aristocratic shade, would it? I would do so with pleasure, but it seems to me it would be too obviously an antidote for the other narrative to be effective."

"True," said Terence, running two fingers thoughtfully into his crisp, brown hair; "that would never do. How would it work to see the same ghost again minus the overalls and have gold bricks in the hod?"

"There was an ancestor who fought against the Britishers, wasn't there? Your mother said something to that effect."

"I believe so—one of those old chaps in raglan vests and golf trousers. I don't care a continental for a Continental myself. But the mother has set her heart on pomp and heraldry and pyrotechnics, and I want her to be happy."

"You are a good boy, Terence," said Mrs. Bellmore, sweeping her silks close to one side of her, "not to beat your mother. Sit here by me, and let's look at the album, just as people used to do twenty years ago. Now, tell me about every one of them. Who is this tall, dignified gentleman leaning against the horizon with one arm on the Corinthian column?"

"That old chap with the big feet?" inquired Terence, craning his neck. "That's Great-uncle O'Brannigan. He used to keep a rathskeller on the Bowery."

"I asked you to sit down, Terence. If you are not going to amuse or obey me I shall report in the morning that I saw a ghost wearing an apron and carrying schooners of beer. Now, that is better. To be shy at your age, Terence, is a thing that you should blush to acknowledge."

At breakfast on the last morning of her visit Mrs. Bellmore startled and entranced every one present by announcing positively that she had seen the ghost.

"Did it have a—a—a"— Mrs. Kinsolving in her suspense and agitation could not bring out the word.

"No, indeed; far from it."

There was a chorus of questions from others at the table. "Weren't you frightened?" "What did it do?" "How did it look?" "How was it dressed?" "Did it say anything?" "Didn't you scream?"

"I'll try to answer everything at once," said Mrs. Bellmore heroically, "although I'm frightfully hungry. Something awakened me—I'm not sure whether it was a noise or a touch—and there stood the phantom. I never burn a light at night, so the room was quite dark, but I saw it plainly. I wasn't dreaming. It was a tall man, all misty white from head to foot. It wore the full dress of the old colonial days—powdered hair, baggy coat skirts, lace ruffles and a sword. It looked intangible and luminous in the dark and moved without a sound. Yes, I was a little frightened at first, or startled, I should say. It was the first ghost I had ever seen. No, it didn't say anything. I didn't scream. I raised up on my elbow, and then it glided silently away and disappeared when it reached the door."

Mrs. Kinsolving was in the seventh heaven. "The description is that of Captain Kinsolving of General Greene's army, one of our ancestors," she said in a voice that trembled with pride and relief. "I really think I must apologize for our ghostly relative, Mrs. Bellmore. I am afraid he must have badly disturbed your rest."

Terence sent a smile of pleased congratulation toward his mother. Attainment was Mrs. Kinsolving's at last, and he loved to see her happy.

Nearly all listened, politely accepting Mrs. Bellmore's story as a madeup affair, charitably offered as an offset to the unkind vision seen by Mrs. Fischer-Suympkins. But one or two present perceived that her assertions bore the genuine stamp of her own convictions.

Soon Mrs Bellmore's maid was packing. In two hours the auto would come to convey her to the station. As Terence was strolling upon the east piazza Mrs. Bellmore came up to him with a confidential sparkle in her eye.

"I didn't wish to tell the others all of it," she said, "but I will tell you. In a way I think you should be held responsible. Can you guess in what manner that ghost awakened me last night?"

"Rattled chains," suggested Terence after some thought, "or groaned? They usually do one or the other."

"Do you happen to know," continued Mrs. Bellmore, with sudden irrelevancy, "if I resemble any one of the female relatives of your restless ancestor, Captain Kinsolving?"

"Don't think so," said Terence, with an extremely puzzled air. "Never heard of any of them being noted beauties."

"Then why," said Mrs. Bellmore, looking the young man gravely in the eye, "should that ghost have kissed me, as I am sure it did?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Terence in wide eyed amazement. "You don't mean that, Mrs. Bellmore! Did he actually kiss you?"

"I said it," corrected Mrs. Bellmore. "I hope the impersonal pronoun is correctly used."

"But why did you say I was responsible?"

"Because you are the only living male relative of the ghost."

"I see. 'Unto the third and fourth generation.' But, seriously, did he—did it—how do you"—

"Know? How does any one know? I was asleep, and that is what awakened me, I'm almost certain."

"Almost?"

"Well, I awoke just as—oh, can't you understand what I mean? When anything arouses you suddenly you are not positive whether you dreamed or—and yet you know that— Dear me, Terence, must I dissect the most elementary sensations in order to accommodate your extremely practical intelligence?"

"But about kissing ghosts, you know," said Terence humbly, "I require the most primary instruction. I never kissed a ghost. Is it—is it"—

"The sensation," said Mrs. Bellmore, with deliberate, but slightly smiling, emphasis, "since you are seeking instruction, is a mingling of the material and the spiritual."

"Of course," said Terence, suddenly growing serious, "it was a dream or some kind of an hallucination."

Mrs. Bellmore sighed. "The usual fate of ghost seers is mine," she said resignedly. "My privileged encounter with a spirit is attributed to lobster salad or mendacity. Well, I have at least one memory left from the wreck—a kiss from the unseen world. Was Captain Kinsolving a very brave man, do you know, Terence?"

"He was licked at Yorktown, I believe," said Terence, reflecting. "They say he skirmished with his company after the last battle there."

"I thought he must have been timid," said Mrs. Bellmore absently. "He might have had another."

"Another battle?" asked Terence dully.

"What else could I mean? I must go and get ready now. The auto will be here in an hour. I've enjoyed Clifftop immensely. Such a lovely morning, isn't it, Terence?"

On her way to the station Mrs. Bellmore took from her bag a silk handkerchief and looked at it with a little peculiar smile. Then she tied it in several very hard knots and threw it at a convenient moment over the edge of the cliff along which the road ran.

In his room Terence was giving some directions to his man Brooks. "Have

"HEAVENS!" EXCLAIMED TERENCE. "DID HE ACTUALLY KISS YOU?"

this stuff done up in a parcel," he said, "and ship it to the address on that card."

The card was that of a New York costumer. The "stuff" was a gentleman's costume of the days of '76, made of white satin, with silver buckles, white silk stockings and white kid shoes. A powdered wig and a sword completed the dress.

"And look about, Brooks," added Terence, a little anxiously, "for a silk handkerchief with my initials in one corner. I must have dropped it somewhere."

It was a month later when Mrs. Bellmore and one or two others of the smart crowd were making up a list of names for a coaching trip through the Catskills. Mrs. Bellmore looked over the list for a final censoring. The name of Terence Kinsolving was there. Mrs. Bellmore ran her prohibitive pencil lightly through the name.

"Too shy!" she murmured sweetly in explanation.

THE MISSING PULFORDS

An Amateur Detective's Solution of a Mystery

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It had been a pleasant run down from the city along the Connecticut shore, and I was wondering what especial object Harley had chosen for today's recreation when he spoke.

"The little village we have just left behind is Wakeham, the one ahead is New Wakeham, and between these two innocent Yankee hamlets there lies an unexplained mystery." He grinned at my look of disgust.

"I thought there might be just one day given over to plain everyday merrymaking," I protested. "Let us hook

"NOT ON YOUR LIFE!" I YELLED. "THE PLACE LOOKS HAUNTED."

the mystery and find a corking ball game, or, at worst, seek a white city where we may loop the loop and bump the bump and rejoice in the thousand and one summer sports for which I have yearned every Saturday since the season opened and which you have denied me," I protested plaintively, but my friend and partner shook his head.

"Roger," he said kindly, but firmly, "we are lawyers, are we not?"

"Some say otherwise," I returned grimly.

"Are we lawyers?" persisted Harley.

"Yes, we are, and we work like Digger Indians and in nine out of ten cases have to wait for our fees," I growled. "Then when the one holiday in the week comes around we chuck the lawbooks, scrape up money enough to pay the office boy and the stenographer, so they can get to the ball game, and then we pile into this machine of yours and scour the countryside for unexplained mysteries, always spelled with a capital M."

Harley chuckled. "How many mysteries have we solved, Roger, eh?"

I considered carefully, hardly noting that he had brought the car to a stop on a lonely turn off the main road. "There was the kidnaping of the Mozlo boy; that took two Saturdays. The spook farm up the Hudson—that wasted three precious holidays, and"—

"Pause, gentle narrator, and look upon the unexplained mystery before you," interrupted my companion dramatically. And I paused and looked.

We had stopped before a sagging gate set in a weather beaten picket fence. The gate seemed effectually locked against intruders by a strong wistaria vine, which burdened the fence down its length and was twisted and coiled among the gate palings, its strong ironlike grip the result of many years' growth. Behind the gate and set among untrimmed trees in an overgrown garden was a house—the wreck of a house. Every window sash was gone, and the four chimneys that had once crowned the roof had crumbled through the rotting shingles, leaving gaping holes where they had stood.

I looked at the black open spaces of the windows, the sagging and broken roof, the sunken porch, now supported by one tottering pillar, the unpruned shrubs and vines reaching out sympathetic fingers toward the old deserted house. As far as the eye could see the turf underfoot was thickly covered with myrtle, and the blossoms and leaves made a close growing carpet of dark green and soft blue.

"So this is an unexplained Mystery with a capital M," I remarked after awhile.

"Yes, and to make it more difficult of solution the events took place some twenty-five years ago." Harley had alighted and was fussing around in the tonneau of the car. "It's up to us to solve the puzzle, so I may as well break it to you now, Roger, my boy. We're going to spend the night here and perhaps tomorrow night if necessary!"

I had been leaning over the gate, but now I whirled around upon him wrathfully. "Not on your life!" I yelled. "Why, the place looks as if it was haunted!"

"It is," he returned calmly, his head and shoulders emerging from the tonneau. Then I saw that he was in deep darkness, for he brought forth a bundle of steamer rugs, a large hamper and a suit case from under the seat and an ax.

I knew there was no use kicking. Harley had not prepared and brought all that paraphernalia to be turned from his purpose by any feeble arguments I might put up. It is a queer thing that, no matter how strenuously I may object to Harley's excursions into matters of mystery, in the end I become so interested in the solutions of the problems that I am really more rabid than he and usually plume myself when there is any credit to be distributed.

"How about the machine?" I asked, hoping that his fertile mind had not provided for that emergency.

"Into the carriage house, of course," he said, smiling, and pointed down a grass grown drive that ended in a decaying, open shed.

"But the gate is impassable," I objected.

"That's what the ax is for," and so he proved it by sending several powerful blows at a portion of the fence, and so he severed the wistaria vine there and cleared a rough path to the shed. After I had driven the car slowly through the aperture he replaced the broken section of fence and restored it outwardly to its former appearance.

When the car was in the doubtful protection of the old building, which on inspection had lost half its roof, I spread a canvas cover over the whole thing and made a detour of the house. From every point of view it displayed the same hopeless air of neglect. It was a large, rambling house with projecting wings and bore evidence of having been deserted for many years. Back of the house the ground sloped down to an ancient apple orchard, and here were broken and tangled grape arbors beat under the rank growth of heavy vines.

Tramping back to the front of the house, I found Harley sitting on the broken porch with the traps scattered around him. At my approach he arose and led the way into the house.

The stout oaken floors seemed sound and strong, especially those on the first floor, where they were better protected from the elements. We did not climb to the attic, which must have been nothing save a pile of debris open to the summer sky and the rustling tops of the tall elms that surrounded it.

In one of the breeze swept front chambers we decided to make our camp, so we brought the paraphernalia up the rickety stairs that threatened to break away from the wall under our combined weight. It was 5 o'clock by the time we had completed our tour of inspection and returned to the camping ground, and as yet I had heard nothing about the mystery which we had come to solve.

Harley told it to me as we partook of a bountiful meal produced from the generously filled hamper. My companion filled my cup with coffee hot from the thermos bottle, and I lighted my pipe for further enjoyment of his narration. We had found an empty box in the kitchen, which served Harley for a seat, while I sat on a little footstool which I discovered in a closet under the stairs.

"Can you imagine an entire family disappearing on a bright summer day and leaving no trace of their whereabouts?" asked Harley.

I shook my head negatively.

"Well, that's what happened to the Pulfords," he went on rapidly. "There were five in the family—father, mother, two sons and one daughter. Oliver Pulford was a prosperous farmer, and his children were grown and all unmarried. They all lived happily together and were a family of quiet, refined tastes and abundant means. It was a pleasant summer day—to be exact, the 9th of July. Friends who called at the house in the afternoon found the place utterly deserted. A half eaten dinner was on the table, and indications showed that all the family had circled the hospitable board. At one place—that of the mother—the dinner was untouched, and the half filled cups and saucers beside the teapot showed that she might have been interrupted or called away from the meal.

"That's all the evidence there was. There were no traces of flight. All the outdoor apparel was accounted for. The horses were in the stables, the cows at pasture, the chickens in their inclosure, the family cat mewed around the kitchen, and that was all that was ever learned about the disappearance of the Pulford family!" Harley lighted his own pipe and stared across the smoke into my wondering eyes.

"Man alive!" I muttered. "Surely five grown persons could not disappear in broad daylight without leaving some trace in the world of their passing."

"The trace is here all right," he returned cheerfully. "It's up to us to find it, because I've promised a client that I would. You recollect that very old man who called yesterday? You helped him into my office yourself."

I nodded assent.

"Well, his name is Pulford too. He's the brother of Farmer Pulford, who vanished, and is the man who took possession of this property after the disappearance of the family. This old man has related to me all the facts that he is possessed of. These, of course, were his personal recollections as a near relative of the unfortunate Pulford family.

"It seems that nobody has ever lived in the house since the tragedy. His family was prejudiced against it, always hoping that some day the missing people would return to take their places in the world. The furniture was removed in order to preserve it, and the place has tumbled to pieces as you see it during the last twenty-five years. It also bears the reputation of being haunted.

"It seems that this Pulford who had inherited the place displayed unusual spirit in hesitating to dispose of it because of a doubt whether it is rightfully his. Mr. Pulford, who is eighty years old now, contends that his brother might have made other plans for the disposition of his worldly goods. He even imagines that his relatives might have gone away somewhere, and if they have left descendants the property would be theirs and not his. He wants proof of the death of the five Pulfords so he can dispose of the property. I have promised to furnish the proof."

"Humph!" I said disgustedly. "You'll be trying to solve the mystery of the Flying Dutchman or who struck Billy Patterson next thing you know."

"I wouldn't be surprised," returned my partner calmly. "Thanks for the suggestion. That clips off two more Saturdays."

"What is your plan?" I asked, going to the window and surveying the tangled garden. All was quiet around the deserted house, and it seemed as if the birds hushed their songs in its shadow. Once in awhile there came the distant horn of a motor car from the highway beyond. "Why did you bring your camera, Harley?" I added suddenly.

He blushed guiltily. "I thought I might make a long exposure tonight in case"—

"In case the ghosts walked?" I asked bluntly, and when he nodded I went on: "It's easier of solution than that if, you'll recall what Mr. Pulford said his brother had for dinner that day and then try to puzzle out what forgotten thing it was that called first the mother away from the table and then the rest of the family to seek her." I had been doing some thinking on my own account.

"Roger, you're a wonder," ejaculated Harley, springing to his feet excitedly. "They had boiled lamb and green peas and other vegetables and a pudding of some sort, but it's the lamb! Perhaps they were going to have mint sauce, and Mrs. Pulford forgot it and went out to get some and"—

"Fell in the well around which it grew," I added, with conviction. "The rest of the family one by one may have fallen in in attempting to rescue her or they may have tumbled in some other way. Let's look for the well."

We tramped over the entire place in the sunset, only finding one well and that long dry. Its bottom was plainly visible and quite empty. "The old man said they drained the well," remarked Harley.

"There's no mint around here anyway," I argued, "but it looks promising beyond the orchard." So we went through the orchard in a thicket of elderberries growing on the edge of the encroaching woods, and there we found the first trace of this old mystery. It was damp and boggy here, and a spring bubbled quietly. I could see the sand, eight feet below shining pure white. All around the edge of the spring mint was growing luxuriantly. It gave back

"SURELY FIVE PERSONS COULD NOT VANISH IN BROAD DAYLIGHT."

fresh pungent odors as our feet crushed it. "Here," I said positively, "is the grave of the Pulfords."

Without answering Harley measured the depth of the spring with his eye and picked up a long dead branch from the ground. He plunged it down into the sand, and together we watched it as it was sucked down into the nastiest bed of quicksand any one ever saw. We rolled a large rock from the orchard. It must have weighed 150 pounds, and it disappeared as if by magic into the cruel maw of the spring. It did not need the discovery of an old fashioned blue and white dish near the spring nor a coil of rotted rope near by to substantiate our theory. We were positive that we had arrived at the solution of the Pulford mystery, and so without spending the night in the deserted house we packed our traps and forsook it as the full moon was rising beyond the elms. When we asked Hiram Pulford about the quicksand spring he was much surprised and confessed that it was the first time he had ever heard of the dangerous spot. As the spring was on neighboring land, which had never been cultivated, it is probable that the vicinity of the spring was little known and its danger hardly guessed at.

In view of my perspicuity in finding the clew to this mystery Harley took me to a ball game the next Saturday afternoon.

A MIGHTY WARRIOR

General Dumas Was a Colossus In Size and In Heroism.

HIS AMAZING FEATS OF ARMS.

The Herculean Father of the Famous Novelist Had the Strength of Samson and the Valor of Horatius—His Son Was a Chip of the Old Block.

General Alexandre Dumas, the father of the celebrated French novelist, was a mulatto of herculean build, who was renowned as a tremendous fighter and as a man of marvelous bodily strength.

It is generally believed that he was the model from which his son drew the character of Porthos in the "Three Guardsmen"—the sometimes vainglorious, sometimes heroic, but always lovable Porthos.

Of the recklessness and daring of General Dumas there can be no doubt, and evidently fear to him was an absolutely unknown quantity. "I had long thought the feats of arms ascribed to him in La Vendee, Italy, and Egypt rather apocryphal, too good to be true," writes M. Jules Claretie in a French paper. "They seemed to combine in one the tours de force of Porthos and the escapades of Chicot. But one day when I had promised to write a short life of the man his grandson put into my hands all the papers relating to the soldier's career, and I then saw that I had before me a real epic, describing a sequence of glorious actions of undoubted authenticity.

"It was, for example, established by official documents that General Dumas, standing, a solitary colossus, at the end of the bridge of Brixen, in the Tyrol, did, like Horatius of old, dispute the passage of it with a cloud of Austrians, whom he sabered and shot one after the other until he had broken his sword and used his last cartridge, and that he then did convert the body of an enemy into a battering ram.

"Again, at the theater one day he was in a box with a lady who had won his affections when a gentleman of the court, pointing at him, remarked to the lady, 'So, marchioness, you have got your negro here.' At which the mulatto, without a word, seized the man by his collar, lifted him from his seat and threw him across the footlights on to the stage.

"His son inherited the father's muscles. Traveling one year in the south of France for the sake of collecting some amusing 'impressions,' he came to Avignon by diligence with the intention of enjoying the well known view of the silhouette of the papal palace. The diligence, on stopping, was surrounded by porters, who tried to clutch the traveler's luggage. Dumas insisted on carrying his own valise, and this provoked some insolent remarks from the porters.

"'Look,' said one, 'at the big lout who won't let a poor fellow earn a living!'

"'What's so astonishing in that?' replied another. 'He's a nigger. Nature intended him for a drudge.'

"The son did not hesitate to imitate his father's example. He put down his valise, seized one of the porters, took him by the waist, carried him to the parapet of the bridge and held him out over the river, saying:

"'Give me your word that you are not the assassin of Marshal Brune!'

"Marshal Brune was assassinated at Avignon, in the white terror, 1815.

"'I? But, monsieur!—'

"'Swear, I tell you, that you did not assassinate Marshal Brune or I will throw you into the Rhone!'

"The man's face became as white as a sheet, and he gasped out:

"'I will swear, monsieur, by all the saints, I did not assassinate him.'

"'All right,' said Dumas, and he threw the wretched man in to the bridge, took up his valise and went on his way, smiling, leaving the porters gasping with wonder.

"To return to the old general, he was coming back from Egypt when his ship was surrounded by some English vessels.

"'Fight to the last,' was the order, 'and when shot and shell are exhausted blow up the ship sky high.'

"All very well, but he couldn't swim and others couldn't. To equalize matters Dumas got two cannon balls, put them into his pockets and said with a laugh:

"'Now I shall go all the quicker to the bottom.'

"But it was not to be. He was taken prisoner and thrown into a foul dungeon at Naples, from which he only emerged with his health shattered and his magnificent strength dwindled to the vanishing point."

Eating With the Knife.

It is strange that the Italian should have been the first to use the fork of civilization, for he is now the foremost of all men to suppress it in favor of the knife. In the restaurants of no other nation do men eat so horribly with their knives as in the Italian. In fact, it is only in England that the thrilling action is never seen. In Germany you may still watch an old gentleman cutting his portion up diligently with his knife and fork before beginning to eat. Having done so, he puts one of these implements away and falls to, and the one he puts away is the fork. But for the general use of the knife there is nothing like a first class restaurant in Venice.—London Chronicle.

If we do not reason we are bigots; if we cannot we are fools; if we dare not we are slaves.

THEY HAD TO KILL GAME.

So They Couldn't Waste Powder on a Man-Eating Crocodile.

In "Animal Life in Africa" is the following curious narrative, which shows the indifference of the natives of East Africa to the sacrifice of human life:

One morning I was standing on the banks of the Lujenda river, in Portuguese East Africa, watching, with my friend, Mr. Maugham, our stores crossing. We had just come to the conclusion that what we had fancied was the protruding nose of a crocodile was, in fact, only a piece of rock when a local native, who was standing near, said, "If you will come with me to the village I can show you a big crocodile." Mr. Maugham electing to stay and superintend the porters across the river, I went along with the "boy."

The village in question lay but some 200 yards distant and proved to be of considerable size and full of people, who at the moment were in a state of pleasurable and noisy excitement over the arrival of our large caravan. "But surely there can be no crocodile here with all this noise going on?" I remarked. "Oh, yes," nonchalantly replied the guide. "He lives here and does not mind the people."

Sure enough, on reaching the bank the first thing I saw was a huge crocodile basking at full length and with his mouth wide open on a rock not more than twenty yards away. He was not in the least disturbed by the chattering of the women and children, and there was no question of stalking him. It was only necessary to sit leisurely down on the bank and put a bullet through his shoulder, when, after shutting and opening his mouth a few times, he fell off the rock and sank like a stone.

The headman was quite pleased, saying that the animal took some one, usually a woman or child, at least once a month. "Why, then," I said in astonishment, having noticed that about every second man seemed to be provided with a firearm of some sort, "did you not shoot it?" "Ah, well, we have very little powder, and it is very expensive, and we are poor and require all we have to kill game," was the surprising though characteristic answer.

THE DEATH ORCHID.

Its Lethal Odor Has the Effect of a Powerful Narcotic.

The death orchid of the Venezuelan Indians has been proved to be no mere campfire yarn.

Years ago an orchid hunter, Grayson, set out to find "El Lugar de los Flores Venenosos"—that is, "the place of the poisonous flowers"—which was said to be located in the dense and pathless wilderness occupying the vast stretches between the headwaters of the Orinoco and the Andes. Two weeks passed without any incident out of the ordinary. But one morning there was a perceptible smell of flowers in the air. When the orchid hunter and his Indians camped that night the jungle smells had been entirely lost in the cloying scent. Many of the band refused to go further.

As Grayson and the others proceeded the rankly sweet and oppressive odor became stronger, attacking the senses like a narcotic. One after another the remaining Indians collapsed till only Grayson and the guide were left, pushing onward. The orchid hunter felt as if he was being attacked by the insidious power of opium, but retained enough consciousness to become aware that, gleaming through the trees ahead, he saw flowers of huge size and vivid colors, many fine clusters of them hanging in walls.

It was the death orchid!

When he recovered his senses he found himself being carried back to camp, where the rest of his porters had remained. Many of the band were severely sick and many half witted with the continued effect of the scent.—Suburban Life.

A Poet Successful and Lazy.

Aspirants to success who are discouraged by the very early rising of Coke and Kant should think of the successful poet Thomson and be comforted, for Thomson was one of the laziest men that ever lived and seldom rose before noon.

And yet in "The Seasons" he managed to give us one of our finest descriptions of a sunrise. It is said of him that he would eat the sunny side off the peaches in his garden with his hands in his pockets, but even such late rising and his castle of indolence did not prevent his becoming famous.—London Spectator.

The Route.

"Dashington seems to have finally made a conquest of that Smadmore girl. Wonder how it all came about."

"The first time she saw him she gave him her eye; the next time they met she gave him her arm. It wasn't long before he was holding both of her hands. Soon after that he won her heart, and she lost her head and gave herself to him completely."—Judge.

An Art Critic.

"What do you think of our new oil painting?" asked Mrs. Newrich.

"Well," answered Mr. Newrich, "it seems good enough from the front, but if you turn it round and look at the other side I must say the material seems kind o' cheap."

Good Backing.

Biggs—I wonder if Diggs has much money behind him? Higgs—He had the other day when I saw him. He was leaning against the Bank of England.—London Tit-Bits.

RUSSIA'S RED STAIRCASE.

Its Steps the Scene of Many Fateful and Historic Incidents.

The red staircase is very ancient and very memorable in the history of Russia. From the Church of the Assumption, where all the czars are crowned, it led to the old palace of the Kremlin, as now it leads to the new. This marble structure was built on the site of the former church by the Emperor Nicholas, but he left the historic stair case undisturbed.

It was on the red staircase that Ivan IV., known as "the Terrible," stood when he received the celebrated letter from Kurbski, his traitor general, who from a safe place of refuge sent a message of defiance by his servant. This haughty czar is said to have nailed the foot of the messenger to the red staircase with his famous iron staff while the letter was being read to him.

This same iron staff in the hands of the angry czar afterward killed his son and heir. Great and fierce was the sorrow of Ivan over this horrible tragedy, and as he stood on the red staircase one night mourning for his son he saw the comet which, he believed, foretold his own death.

Another historic scene on the red staircase began with the ringing of the 400 bells of Moscow, relates the New York Herald. Regiments of soldiers, numbering thousands, followed by a great crowd of people dragging cannon, were marching to the Kremlin. They had been roused into fury by a false report that a brother of Natalia, widow of the Czar Alexis, had seized the crown and that Ivan, the heir of the Russian throne, had been murdered.

Reaching the palace, they clamored for vengeance. Suddenly the tumult was quelled as Natalia appeared on the platform of the red staircase with her two children beside her—Ivan, her feeble, imbecile stepson, and Peter, her own bright, handsome boy.

Natalia trembled as she faced the angry crowd, who had placed ladders against the rails and climbed up to the platform, but the young prince, Peter, afterward Peter the Great, stood and looked at them without showing a sign of fear.

On July 6, 1682, the same young boys, Ivan and Peter, appeared on the red staircase surrounded by boyars and nobles, but under very different circumstances. Peter looked on the crowd with the same calm gaze as when he stood holding the trembling hand of his mother before a mob insane with rage. The people now greeted him with joy, and the great procession that preceded and followed the two brothers passed slowly down the red staircase on its way to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where, amid the pomp, magnificence and ceremonial of the Russian church, Ivan and Peter were crowned czars by the patriarch.

The steps of the red staircase have been ascended by conqueror and conquered. Napoleon ascended these steps when he took possession of Moscow, and perhaps he felt forebodings of his destiny when he passed over them for the last time.

A Similar Mistake.

In some building community was a mechanic who used to fiddle around the mail box to look over the letters. Of those that seemed interesting he opened some, and after having read them he would write on the envelope:

"Opened by mistake."

This happened so many times that the rest of the shop force got on and became resentful.

The offender was in the habit of bringing a fine lunch with him, and this he had spread out when the conspiracy was planned. A phony call to the telephone took him away, and when he came back a piece of pie with a semicircular minus bore a card reading:

"Bitten by mistake."—Chicago Post.

Judged by Their Faces.

Burne-Jones held original ideas as to the administration of justice. After a visit to the Parnell commission he wrote: "Legal testimony doesn't affect me at all. I want people tried for their faces, so I spent the time in court settling things all my own way. I tried the Judges first and acquitted one, so that he sits in court without a blemish on his character, and one I admitted to mercy, and of the other I postponed the trial for further evidence. Then I tried the counsel on both sides, and one of them, I am sorry to say, will have to be hanged for his face."

They Get an Appetite For Work.

In Denmark, as in other countries, they are troubled with men born tired, men who are "snow shovelers in summer and haymakers in winter." Denmark takes them firmly, but kindly, and puts them to bed. In bed it keeps them as long as may be necessary. Four days are, as a rule, sufficient for the most obdurate cases. At the end of that time the idler is found to be feverish for work.

Needless.

The good fairy called her assistant and showed her a golden box.

"Take this box," she said, "and lock it carefully in the safe. It contains good advice."

"My mistress," replied the assistant, "why should we lock up good advice? No one will ever take it."—Puck.

Sympathetic Jury.

"Here's a dispatch about a man who tried to choke his landlady to death and got off with a small fine."

"Must have been tried by a jury of boarders. Cut it down to seventy-five words and put a one line head over it."—Chicago Tribune.

Too many wish to be happy before becoming wise.—Necker.

BARBARY PIRATES

These Fiends Terrorized the Sea For Five Centuries.

DEFIED THE ENTIRE WORLD.

They Held at One Time Forty Thousand Captives as Slaves, Among Whom Was Cervantes—The Cannon's Mouth For a French Envoy.

Those pests of the sea, the Barbary pirates, who defied the civilized world for 300 years, had at one time 40,000 Christian slaves in bondage in Algeria. The methods by which they were obtained and how treated are described by Sir Henry Norman in Scribner's Magazine:

"Ships were seized in all European waters, even off the coast of Ireland, and their crews taken into slavery. So were the crews of vessels which came to trade. When any state attempted punishment the consul of that country was sent to the galleys, and Sir Lambert Playfair, British consul general and erudite author of Murray's 'Handbook,' tells us that in one instance on the approach of a French fleet their representative was blown toward them from a mortar. Cervantes himself was a slave there in 1575.

"In the seventeenth century the Algerine pirates held prizes worth 20,000,000 francs. Again and again the Christian powers of that and the next century failed to inflict a lasting defeat upon this 'scourge of Christendom.' The British parliament passed an act to 'undertake the Christian work of the redemption of the captives from the cruel thralldom they lay under,' but its intention exceeded its power, for not long afterward 350 English ships were captured and 6,000 English slaves brought into Algiers in the space of seven years, and when after five years' war between England and the pirate state a peace was signed the dey refused to surrender a single English slave, and the treaty had a clause to the effect that 'the king of Great Britain shall not be obliged by virtue of this treaty to redeem any of his subjects now in slavery,' probably the most degrading treaty, as Sir Lambert Playfair remarks, ever signed between England and a foreign power.

"At one time 40,000 Christian slaves were in bondage in Algeria, of all the nations of Europe, many of them men of rank, learning and piety and all of them suffering daily the most cruel hardships, starvation and torture. One would have expected the Christian nations to join forces for one object at least and wipe this puny pirate state off the earth, yet for 300 years Barbary held them at bay.

"Just as the old sailors' chantry about 'the coast of the wild Barbaree' took its origin in the terrors of that coast, so the religious order of the Fathers of the Redemption was originally founded to collect alms for the ransom of the Algerian slaves, and many of its members, with perhaps the noblest Christian charity on record, voluntarily shared the lot of the captives for the comfort they could give and the services they could render in negotiations of ransom.

"One ghost of all these unhappy thousands takes literally concrete shape. An Arab Christian named Geronimo, taken as a baby by Spanish soldiers and educated by the vicar general, was captured by the pirates during a raid. As a renegade he was, of course, the subject of the utmost persecution, and when no inducement or suffering could make him apostatize he was at length offered by the dey the choice of being thrown alive into a mold of concrete which formed part of the foundation of a new bastion or of embracing Islam. He chose the martyrdom and was flung into the mold with his hands tied behind him and the concrete poured over him. This was in 1569.

"In 1612 a Spanish Benedictine father wrote a history of Algiers in the course of which he narrated at length the martyrdom of Geronimo and described particularly the situation of the bastion in which his body lay. In 1847 a translation of this passage was published in an Algerian newspaper, and in 1853, when the old fortress was destroyed, search was made. Exactly as had been described the skeleton was discovered, and on plaster of paris being poured into the impression in the cement the figure of the martyr emerged, the hands tied behind it, much as he had been three centuries before. This plaster cast is today in the Bibliotheque musee."

The Pole Star.

Some curious results follow from the precession of the equinoxes. The pole star varies from age to age, for the pole of the equator in its revolution round the pole of the ecliptic must pass different stars in succession. Wherever it points the star nearest is the pole star. When the first catalogue of stars was made the present pole star was twelve degrees from the pole. Gamma Draconis was the pole star 3,000 years ago. The brilliant Vega will be the pole star 12,000 years hence.—Harper's.

Blaming the Doctor.

"My doctor says I ought to ride a horse," said the indolent man.

"What for?"

"I don't know. Maybe he's tired of treating me for dyspepsia and wants a broken collar bone for a change."—Washington Star.

If thou hast a loitering servant send him of thy errand just before his dinner.—Fuller.

NEVER CROSSED THE OCEAN.

But That Didn't Keep Him From Giving His Novel a Salt Sea Flavor.

The story is told by the Bookman of how a certain novel which was popular three or four years ago got its setting:

"When the story was being planned the author, who has since achieved a literary position of considerable importance, though not as a novelist, could not hit upon just the right background. He needed a setting that would hold his three principal characters, a woman and two men, together for a period of ten or twelve days, despite the fact that the complications of the tale itself would inevitably have moved one or the other of the men to immediate departure.

"He told a friend of his dilemma. 'Why,' said the mentor, 'put them on board a slow going transatlantic liner, one of the new boats.' 'But,' retorted the novelist, 'I have never crossed the ocean and know nothing about transatlantic liners.' 'That,' said the other, 'is a matter of easy remedy. The —— sails at 10 tomorrow morning. Let us go down at 9 and put an end to your troubles.'

"The next day the two visited the ship in question, the author asking questions of his friend and making observations and notes. The smoking room was studied carefully as being just the place for the fight and certain remote corners of the decks as suitable scenes for discreet and fervent courtship. Before the clanging of the gong, with its 'All ashore who are going ashore' message, the novelist closed his notebook with the manner of a man whose task is finished.

"'A year or so later,' said the friend who had directed the search for local color, 'I was crossing the ocean and gave my friend's book to the captain of the boat to read. He did not care so much for the love passage, but what did please him was to find at last a novelist writing of the sea who really knew his subject. He had not read half a dozen pages before he knew that here was the real thing.'"

BRUSHED THE LAW ASIDE.

The Way Witches Were Tried In Massachusetts In 1692.

When the witchcraft delusion of 1692 seized the province of Massachusetts the people would not wait for the workings of the established tribunal of justice. It was too slow to suit them. So they cried out for a special court to hustle along the trial of witches, and Governor Phipps meekly yielded to the clamor and named seven judges to conduct the trials.

It was distinctly a popular court and was controlled absolutely by the popular will. Not a single one of the seven judges was a lawyer. Two of the judges were clergymen, two were physicians, and three were merchants. The common law was thrown aside, rules of evidence were ignored, and the judges and juries were left untrammeled by any "quibbles of the law" to follow their own feelings and the popular will.

Says Washburn in his "Judicial History of Massachusetts:" "The trials were but a form of executing popular vengeance. Juries were intimidated by the frowns and persuasions of the court and by the outbreakings of the multitude that crowded the place of trial to render verdicts against their own consciences and judgment." He cites one case, that of Rebecca Nurse, in which the jury actually had the courage to bring in a verdict of not guilty, whereupon "the accusers raised a great outcry and the judges were overcome by the clamor." The jury was sent back, returned with a verdict of guilty, and the woman was accordingly executed.—Boston Herald.

A Modest Judge.

Alvo Yusuph, chief judge of Bagdad, was remarkable for the modesty which accompanies wisdom. Once, after a long investigation of the facts of a case, he publicly confessed that his knowledge was not sufficient to enable him to decide it. "Pray," said a pert courtier, "do you expect the caliph to pay you for your ignorance?" "I do not," meekly answered the judge. "The caliph pays me well for what I know. If he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

A Definition.

The teacher was explaining the meaning of the words "ex-president" to the little folks and told them that it was a man who was formerly president, but had retired to private life. The next day the class was asked the meaning of the word "export." A little hand went up. "Well," said the teacher, "what is the meaning of the word export?" "It's a feller that used to be a sport," replied the young American.—Kansas City Star.

Pun Upon Pun.

Strange, Moore and Wright, three notorious punsters, were on a certain occasion dining together when Moore observed, "There is but one knave among us, and that's Strange." "Oh, no," said Wright; "there is one Moore." "Aye," said Strange; "that's Wright."—London Tatler.

Getting Rid of Him.

Me—I want to get married, don't you know. She—Well, why don't you go over and talk to my chaperon? She's a widow, you know.—Yonkers Statesman.

Could Box Things.

Manager—Yes; we need a man. It's in our packing department. Had any experience? Applicant—I've taken lessons in boxing, sir.—Boston Transcript.

UNCLE SAM'S "MIDDIES."

Training and Discipline That Prepare Them For the Navy.

The pay of a midshipman is $600 per year, and this begins on the day of his admission to the academy. He at once spends $220.64 for clothing, bedding and other equipments, some of which are as follows: A rug for 70 cents, a hair pillow for 75 cents, six pillowcases for 72 cents and six sheets for $4.20. So it can be seen that his apartments will not be luxurious. He must deposit $60 when he enters, and this will be credited on the books of the pay officer to be expended by the direction of the superintendent in the purchase of textbooks, etc.

When he has been fully entered as a midshipman it is the aim of the officers in charge to educate the young man to become a competent naval officer—to become a master of the art of maritime warfare, to be a gentleman as well as an officer and to hold honor and duty to country paramount to everything else. The neatness in dress of the officer of the United States navy is proverbial, and only those who come in close contact with him can appreciate the change four years at the Naval academy can make in the habits, dress and manners of a young man, to say nothing of the excellent education he receives.

The midshipman has few luxuries at the academy. His room is furnished in the simplest style. An iron bed, a bookcase, a cupboard, a washstand, a study table and a chair go to make up the furnishings. The walls are bare, and if he has a picture of "the girl he left behind" it can be tacked inside the door of his cupboard. Each midshipman occupies a room alone. These rooms are in suits for two men, with a shower bath to be used, by both.—Mrs. C. R. Miller in Leslie's.

IRVING'S STAGE EFFECTS.

Silence, Light and Just One Other Essential Produced Them.

Wendell Phillips Dodge relates in the London Strand Magazine an incident growing out of the first meeting of Robert Mantell with Sir Henry Irving back in 1882, when both were playing Romeo in London. There were reviewers who found Irving too old for the youthful Romeo, and one advised that he should make way for "the young fellow over at the Olympic."

Irving prepared a special afternoon performance in the Lyceum, to which all the players in London were invited. After it was over Mantell went back of the stage, and Irving asked him how he liked the performance. "It has been like an afternoon at school with congenial lessons," replied Mantell. "How do you do it? How do you manage effects? How do you get such atmosphere, such a realization of the glory of the tragedy, with such little effort? Is there no recipe?"

"There is—indeed, there is," answered Irving; "simple, too—only three things to remember. The first is silence and plenty of it behind the scenes, so that the actor may be at ease, with nothing to distract when striving for his shadings. The second is light, regulated as far as possible so that nature is counterfeited, and that, young man, is the recipe."

"But," protested Mantell, "you said there were three things to remember. You have mentioned but two. Is there a third?"

"Did I say a third?" asked Irving. "Um—perhaps I did, perhaps I did, but what could I have had in mind? Let me see. Ah, yes, silence, light and—um, shall I say—actors? Remember that, my boy, actors. Silence, light and—actors, that is the third."

G. H. DENNING

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Do Not Forget

STRONG

when you need those new

MANTLES AND GLOBES

after housecleaning.

I carry everything in that line at all prices.

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CLOSED THEIR DOORS!

WAIT WATCH WAIT

UNTIL

WEDNESDAY MORNING AUGUST 28, 1912

At 9 o'clock, when the great sale of Shoes, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Groceries, etc., of

B. JACOBS N'S

Big$20,000 Stock of General Merchandise, will start at the old stand at CLERMONT, PA.

BIG LOT OF SUGAR GOES @ 3 1-2 c. lb.

BIG LOT OF CANNED SWEET CORN GOES @ 5 c. Can.

BIG LOT OF SOAP GOES @ 1 c. Bar.

BIG LOT OF MEN'S PANTS VALUE $4 UP, 89 c. Pair. AND UP.

BIG LOT OF MEN'S HEAVY WORK SHOES GO @ 98c.

BIG LOT OF CALICO GOES AT 2 1-2c Yd.

BIG LOT OF LADIES' SHOES GO @ 19c. Pair.

BIG LOT OF CHILDREN'S SHOES GO @ 39c.

BIG LOT OF MEN'S RUBBER BOOTS VALUE $4.00, GO @ $1.48 up.

G. W. GROVES & CO., of Buffalo, N. Y.

are here with authority to close out the entire stock. $8000 to be raised, and raised quick. 2 and 3 pairs of Shoes at the price of one pair. This will be the most tremendous sale of its kind in this town's history. Groceries, Clothing, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Shoes, etc., will go at any old price. In many instances $1.00 will do the work of $4.00.

Big lot of Men's Shoes, value $3.00 to $4.00, go @ $1.48
Big lot of Men's Shoes go @..... $1.98
Big lot of Misses' Shoes go @..... .49
Big lot of Boys' Shoes go @..... $1.19
Big lot of Children's Shoes go @... .69
Big lot of Ladies' Shoes go @..... $1.48
Big lot of Boys' Shoes go @..... $1.33
Big lot of Children's Shoes go @... .29
Big lot Ladies' Comfort Shoes go @ $1.29
Big lot of Ladies' Juliets go @..... .79

UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

Store now closed and will remain closed until Wednesday morning, Aug. 28, at 9 o'clock, when the Great Sale starts. In the meantime great preparations are being made. Positively no goods sold and no one allowed in the store until that time.

STOP! READ!

Just think, $20,000 stock of Up-to-date General Merchandise thrown on the market by order of this great Company to be sold out at any old prcie.

Big lot of 6- and 8-cent Crackers @ 3½c lb.
Big lot of Ginger Snaps, value 6 to 8 cents, go @..... 2½c lb.
Big lot of Fruit Dishes, value 25c go @ 7c
Big lot of Bed Quilts, go @..... 79c
Big lot of Bed Quilts value $4.00 go @ $2.48
Big lot of Bedsteads, value $4.00 to $10.00, go @ ..... $2.98 up.
Big lot of Bed Springs and Matresses, go @..... any old price

Big lot Men's Pants, value $2.00, go @ ..... .98
Big lot Men's Hdkfs., value 10 cents, go @..... .03
Big lot Men's Neckwear, value 25c, go @..... .09

Big lot of Ladies' Hats, value $4.00, go @ ..... .79
Big lot of Umbrellas, value up to $5.00, go @ ..... 89c up
Big lot of Coffee go @..... 7c lb.
Big lot of Men's Caps, value up to $1.00 ..... .19

Big lot Table Cloths, value up to 50c, go @..... 12½c
Big lot Gingham, value 8 cents, go @ 3½c
Big lot Canned Tomatoes, value 15c, go @ ..... 7c can
Big lot of Men's Shirts go @ 29, 39, 49c

Big lot Men's Felt Hats, choice .29
Big lot of Men's Straw Hats @ .41
Big lot Ladies' Hdkfs., value 25c, go @ ..... .09
Big lot Ladies' All Wool Dress Goods, value up to $2.00, go @ ..... .59

Big lot of Brussels Rugs value $2.00, go @ ..... .98
Big lot of Rugs, value $2.50, go @ $1.09
Big lot of Boys' Shoes go @. .89

YOU ALL KNOW B. JACOBSON
And you know the class of goods he carries. His reputation for handling honest goods is known far and near.

These Prices Will Stir The Country From End To End

WANTED.
25 extra salespeople — women, men and girls. Apply at store Tuesday morning, Aug. 27.

Pass the good word along to your neighbors, they will thank you for it. Nothing held back, all must go. Note the reason of this great Sale: On account of being heavily overstocked has placed B. Jacobson in this condition with $20,000 stock on hand, most of this season's makes, all must go, no matter what the loss. B. Jacobson bids farewell to the Clothing and Shoe business forever. Remember in this limited space we can mention but a few of these tremendous bargains, but this gives you an idea of the great values that await your coming. YOU MUST AND WILL BE HERE!

STORE AND FIXTURES FOR SALE AT ANY OLD PRICE

BIG LOT OF LADIES' RUBBERS GO @ 9c.

BIG LOT OF BROOMS VALUE 50c, GO @ 29 c.

BIG LOT OF MEN'S SOCKS GO @ 2c.

OPENING DAYS:

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday & Saturday, Aug. 28, 29, 30 & 31

And Closes in 10 Days---September 10

To avoid making mistakes or being misled, look and watch for the big sign and B. JACOBSON'S name over the door at the old stand of B. Jacobson, Clermont, Pa.

Store open evenings until 9; Saturdays until 11 p. m.

TERMS OF SALE--Strictly Cash.

G. W. GROVES & CO., of Buffalo IN POSSESSION

BIG LOT OF MEN'S HDKFS. GO @ 2c. Each.

BIG LOT OF MEN'S SWEATERS GO @ 23c.

BIG LOT OF THREAD GO @ 2c. Spool.